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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Week of May 18, 1941

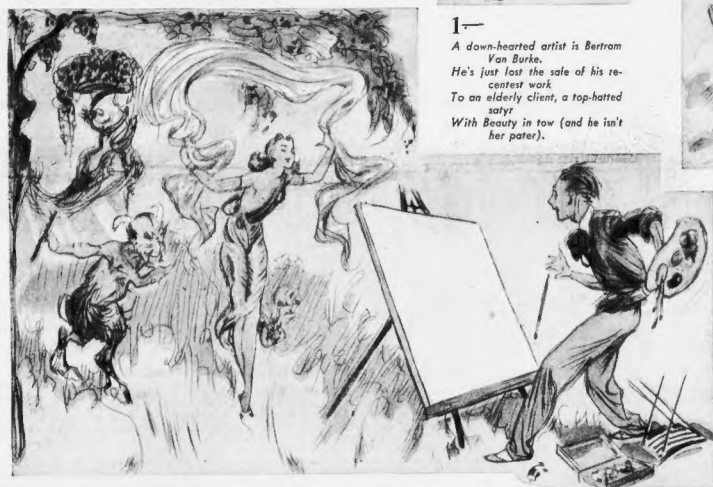


The Artist, the Satyr and the Nymph

By Alastair K. Macdonald
Verses by Phyllis McGinley



2—Dejected, disgusted, sans income or salary,
And poodled by dreams of the girl in the gallery,
Young Bertram goes forth to the forest and field
For such inspiration as nature can yield.



1—
A down-hearted artist is Bertram Van Burke,
He's just lost the sale of his recentest work
To an elderly client, a top-hatted satyr.
With Beauty in tow (and he isn't her pater).



3—
But something's amiss with his personal muse.
He stares at his canvas, his brushes he chews.
When lo, as the shades grow sadder and chillier are,
A vision appears. But the face is familiar!



5—Alone in the forest sweet-scented with June,
How gay are her capers, how mad is the tune.
While Bertram, awakening out of his trance,
Puts down on the canvas that exquisite dance.



6—The picture is finished, complete to the frame.
And who should be buyer? You've guessed it. The same—
That affluent client who'd scorned him with hauteur.
Escorting the Beauty that isn't his daughter.



7—But wait for the sequel. Tonight in high feather,
A nymph and an artist are dining together.
For Bertram is bold and the lady is fair,
And this time the satyr's not piping the air.



Charlie's Barber Shop Has Been a Salon to Thousands of Travelers Across the Pacific and His Name Is a By-Word in All the Ports of the Orient.

A Man Who Shaved His Way To Fame

THE most popular barber in the world and certainly the dean of all deep-water barbers is Charles Amari, whose shop aboard the Japanese trans-Pacific liner Tatuta Maru has become a legendary "salon" of thousands of world travelers.

Charlie the Barber, as he is better known, is so popular that mail addressed to him merely "Charlie, Yokohama," "Charlie, Hong Kong," "Charlie, Manila," will reach him in due course.

Fifty-three years of age and a former resident of Detroit and neighbor of Henry Ford, Charlie has made 308 crossings of the Pacific in the past 30 years, principally between San Francisco and the major ports of the Far East.

He has traveled 2,500,000 sea miles. He has passed through Honolulu more times than any other living person. The Yokohama Fire Department once gave a special display in his honor, and officialdom of Honolulu recently feted him upon his latest visit to that port.

One of the reasons Charlie's shipboard barber shop is so popular is because he is the only Occidental employee among the 25,000 Japanese men and women working on the 188 ships of the N.Y.K. Line. White passengers traveling back and forth to the Orient on the Tatuta Maru quite naturally made a congenial club room or "salon" out of the barber shop.

Besides cutting your hair, Charlie will listen to your stories, laugh at your jokes, fix a aching tooth, recommend remedies for seasickness, give advice to the lovers and acquaint the uninitiated traveler with the strange ways of the Orient.

Throughout the Far East the Tatuta Maru is known as "Charlie's ship." Both whites and Orientals, when they go to buy steamship tickets, often ask to be booked aboard "Charlie's ship." Charlie, no doubt, has spread more American good will in the Orient than any diplomat ever did.

When Charlie arrives in a foreign port, the social columns of the daily newspapers announce the event. And usually, on his first night ashore, he will insert an announcement in the newspapers which reads like this:

I will be at home in all my friends tonight at the Imperial Hotel Bar.

Charlie the Barber.

Charlie's life, however, has not been one of effete social activity, as so much of his record might indicate. He has been washed overboard three times—once when he was on the old Nippon Maru, once from the Shinyo Maru and once from a launch in the bay of Yokohama. He has helped quell a rioting, getting a cracked skull for his trouble. He once went for a breakeast ride in a lifeboat towed by a whale, and another time, right in the heart of Shanghai, Chinese thugs soaked his feet in a tub of hot oil in a futile attempt to rob him.

The whale incident happened after he was transferred to the Tatuta Maru after 20 years' service on the Nippon and Shinyo. The Tatuta impaled a whale on its bow when it struck the head off the Japanese creak. The vessel had to halt. A boat was lowered to dislodge the creature, and Charlie, always ready to lend a hand, was in the boat.

As Charlie and the crew members prodded the seemingly dead whale with their oars, the sea beast became suddenly alive, and with a great splash it wriggled free and gave them all a merry and very dangerous ride over the waves until it finally exhausted itself.

The worst experience was that of Shanghai. Charlie related, "The thugs thought I had some money hidden in my hotel room. They sprang on me in an alley in the French quarter and demanded that I telephone a friend to bring the money over to their little shack."

"When I explained that I did not have any large amount of money, they became angry, thinking that I was lying to them, so they boiled up a vat of peanut oil and soaked my feet in it. It was three weeks before I could walk again."

Charlie's shop, which he has maintained aboard the Tatuta Maru for the past ten years, is an silver-and-chrome tabernacle. Charlie's barber is more like an Oriental bazaar, for, in addition to his many duties, he deals in all manner of cups, kimonos, shawls and souvenirs.

Charlie has cropped the heads and shaved the faces of many famous persons, including millionaires, movie stars, diplomats, European royalty and Oriental potentates. An Indian prince once gave him a \$500 tip and attempted to lure him to Ceylon as official court barber. But Charlie decided he'd rather travel.

One of Charlie's lesser sidelines, which sometimes proves more-than-beneficial, is taking care of passengers' cats, dogs, canary birds and other pets. Once he mothered a batch of spaniels for Frank Buck. He recently nursed a baby parrot to the sea on his Pacific. It might pay for a while and pay good, Charlie admit, but he has learned that Uncle Sam usually gets them in the end.

Is Charlie married? No, he says he never gets still long enough to take a wife.

New Evidence That Sea Serpents Are The Real Thing?

THE HARD-HEADED residents of Grand Manan Island, far out in the Bay of Fundy, are seeing sea serpents again. There's no doubt about it, according to the weather-beaten lobstermen and herring weavers who swear it's the real thing.

The creature, described by fishermen who have actually seen it, appears to have a great and ugly head like a dragon. It swims at breakneck speed, throwing its head from side to side as it pulps down bushes of fish from the great schools of herring that are swimming around the island just now.

The hardy and usually unexcitable fishermen of Grand Manan can't classify the queer "critter" that has upset their lives, so they just call it a sea serpent.

A few of the islanders believe that the sea beast that has kicked up all the fuss and excitement may be two or three huge basking sharks swimming tandem and in single file. Since these fish are often 50 feet long, they could together create the illusion of something approximately the proportions of the so-called sea monster.

But this theory doesn't go down with the men who have seen what some of them call "the tail." They say the head of the monster looks like no shark's ever found in these waters, and they clinch their argument with the saying, "If you see a shark, there aren't any sharks in the Bay of Fundy at this time of year."

The reason sea serpent stories get close attention on Grand Manan is because there are actual records of the existence of such aquatic beasts in the neighborhood. On nearby Campbell Island, the residents are eye-witnesses to stories, set down in writing, that anyone can see who wants to know how a sea serpent looks and acts.

A sure-enough sea serpent was killed on Campbell Island, on Nov. 23, 1883. This monstrous had appeared that year at different points around the Bay of Fundy to terrify fishermen by suddenly rearing its wicked-looking head. Every few days it would cast the lightning of its eyes and for more than a month the fishing industry was at a standstill.

Then, suddenly, the islanders had a real tale to tell. "Barnacle" Mitchell, a resident of Whitepool, where President Roosevelt lands to go to his Summer home at Campbell, was walking along the beach. He had been working on a sardine vessel, getting it ready for winter, and was carrying home his axe to sharpen it. Mitchell got the fright of his life when he almost stumbled over the sea serpent's great length stretched out near the water. The beast was fast asleep.

"Barnacle" was a reckless and courageous chap and he crept up to the freak and drove the blade of his axe into its skull. Then he ran for his life.

Luckily Mitchell hit the spot where he could do the most damage. The great coils of the serpent writhed and came up to the beach, and Mitchell was able to throw up clouds of sand. Finally the monster's tail beat helpfully a few times and the great body lay still.

Mitchell went home and got a neighbor to help him. They measured the carcass and found it was 92 feet. It was slim except in the middle where there was a distinct

"punch." They chopped the serpent into 25 pieces, loaded them onto a lighter and ferried them to St. Paul's where a fertilizer plant bought them. When the "punch" was opened, it contained the undigested carcasses of eight sheep which had belonged to a man at Campbell named Flagg. These sheep must have been grazing near the shore or walking the beach when the serpent caught them. Mitchell and his friend said it could rear its head and reach for 30 feet and probably had not difficulty grabbing the frightened animals.

Gorged by such a meal, the killer may have sunk to the bottom to sleep off the effects and didn't wake up until the tide went out and left it high and dry.

Mitchell described the sea-going snake in his own hand as having "a round head and jaws that when opened resembled two huge earthenware bowls. Inside were two rows of enormous teeth six or seven inches long. The eyes were jet black, small and beady, the eyelids cup shaped and hard as cast iron. The body was covered with bumpy scales that looked like scallop shells."

Cap't. G. A. Evans, of Port Wade, Nova Scotia, and L. E. Calder, of North Head, Campbell, as well as several other residents around the Bay, recall the event vividly and how relieved all the fishermen were when Mitchell rid the Bay of the dreaded "critter."

Mitchell himself always claimed that he had exterminated the last of a species of sea monster that lived in the ocean 50 years ago. But to the Grand Manan fishermen aren't so sure.

They think that the new sea serpent may have descended from the one that fell a while ago. About two years ago Capt. Sal Collette of the California fishing boat "Donnie Alghier," and every member of his crew, got a closeup of a salt water monster which convinced them that the monster of ancient times and of the Middle Ages were not concerning fairy tales when they told of the beasts they had sighted. Captain Collette's cool-tempered Donnie Collette saw the "It had a face like an old man, or a monkey," he said. "Its eyes were twice as big as biscuits, and its mouth was curled like a crescent moon. Its long black body and its head were covered with barnacles, and it was as big around as a barrel. It weighed maybe eight or nine tons."

The first of these beasts was sighted off the coast of British Columbia. The man to spot it was the navigating officer of a steamship. In his eyes the freak seemed to have a body about 40 feet long and a brownish color. Some days later a well-known lawyer of British Columbia, together with his wife and a friend, were on a boat on the rocks of the north side of Cadboro Bay. The members of this trio were cold sober. Suddenly, they saw a huge head rise out of the sea not a single inch away. The lawyer described what he saw as "shaggy, with a long underling jaw and an undulating body that seemed to be somewhere between 70 and 80 feet long."

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Margaret Freed at Her Birthday Cake and Greeted Her Well-Wishers With the Salty Words She Had Learned Aboard Ship More Than a Century Ago.

Swore Like a Pirate on Her 120th Birthday

MARGARET, a blue-fronted Amazon parrot, with a history-book career, celebrated her 120th birthday at Miami, Florida, recently, and showed she was still a pretty tough bird by hurling in Captain Bligh fashion the salty invectives of alavers, pirates and shippers with whom she rode the poop decks more than a century and a quarter ago.

A feathered heirloom, Margaret belongs to A. R. Addison who inherited her through four generations from Capt. Murdoch Wilson, an African slave trader, who was his great-grandfather. Addison, who runs a bird and monkey farm in Miami, has records which prove that the parrot shipped with his bulky ancestor from Africa to Central America, then across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans where Captain Wilson took up arms against the British in the War of 1812. Margaret became the pet of the regiment and picked up cuss words of the early Nineteenth Century.

Anyone collaring data on profanity, Addison believes, might find his bird a valuable source of abusive language from away back.

To celebrate Margaret's 120th birthday, Mrs. Addison gave a party and baked a cake which was decorated with one huge candle to represent 100 years and 20 little candles. For many years now, the Addisons have given Margaret birthday parties. This is the first time the birthday party has been public and all the parrots, cockatoos, love birds and macaws in Addison's aviary were invited.

Margaret's white-frosted cake had "Margaret—120" written in chocolate across the top. So accustomed is the ancient bird to its annual birthday cake that it has learned to blow out the candles. But this year Margaret couldn't eat her piece of cake until Addison chewed it up for her first. Addison takes to admit it, but old age has finally caught up with his pet. The bird is on a diet of sun flower seeds and hemp-hulled oats soaked in milk, but when her birthday came Margaret's owner gave in and allowed her a little cake.

So weak has Margaret become that she can no longer fly. Even when she is on her perch she must squat to ease the strain on her aging legs. Her breast bone has become concave from superannuation. At the birthday party, Addison said, she tried hard to preserve all the pomp and dignity such an occasion demanded.

No one knows Addison says, how many of her children Margaret has been married nor how many of her children are fluttering around the jungles of Africa and Central America. Her constant male companion for the past 40 years has been a yellow shouldered Amazon parrot whom Addison has taught to cry at his songs and laugh at his jokes.

Like many a vain female, Margaret, even today, likes to flirt, and the chief object of her attentions has been Puncto Villa, a brilliantly colored macaw that once perched on the back of a yellow shouldered Amazon parrot during the famous siege of Durango.

Addison had met Villa years before the revolution in El Paso, Texas, where he was traveling with a circus. On the eve of the Durango fiasco he rode into Villa's camp on a motorcycle waving a flag of truce. Villa was overjoyed at seeing his circus friend again and dined him like a chief. When Addison left Villa gave him the bird.

"Just what I need for my vexatious Margaret," Addison said, and promised his bandit friend he would name the macaw after him.

Margaret, says Addison, took an immediate interest in Puncto because he was just as tough as she was. She swore at him in the language of the seven seas and he roared back at her with volleys of Miami profanity.

Ornithologists agree that old age in parrots ranges from 80 to 100 years so Margaret is well advanced in life as far as they can find out, Margaret is the oldest parrot in captivity.

Addison has been with his parrots so long he says he can almost speak their language. "If they can learn ours, why can't we learn theirs?" he asks. "We humans are supposed to be smart."

Parrots are Addison's business and the aviary has been a pretty good business school. Parrots, he says, have tradition, distinction and dignity. Margaret's lineage, he declares, goes all the way back to the Miocene age where fossilized parrots have been found looking pretty much as they do today.

Parrot history is tied up with that of Carthage, Rome and India. Many of the feathered pets of savage African chiefs were captured by Scipio Africans and his Roman legions along with their bodies and shipped to southern Italy. Northern Europe had its first glimpse of these strange birds when Columbus brought a cargo of them back to Spain from his treasure hunt in America.

There are more species of parrots than there are races of people, but they don't make as much trouble, says Addison. Most parrots fly well, Addison says, but are awkward on their feet. The lone exception is a species in South Australia that are swift runners and common as sparrows. Parrots can talk and mimic human beings only in captivity, rarely in their wild state.

Paid 250,000 Visits To People Who Were Sick

THE ONE man in the United States who probably damaged more and stirred up more happiness than any other man is Julius Lowenstein, 71-year-old resident of Asheville, North Carolina, who on more than 2,000 Sunday days has visited a quarter of a million patients at sanitariums and hospitals in and around western North Carolina.

A native of Hungary, Mr. Lowenstein came to New York in 1898 at the age of 20. Two years later he came to Asheville for his health, after he learned he was suffering from tuberculosis. His own life of illness and his own pain prompted him to be a patient of the thousands of sick and around western North Carolina.

From the time he recovered his health until the present—more than a third of a century—he has never missed a Sunday in paying visits to from 100 to 250 patients. On these two days he was out of town.

Mr. Lowenstein starts out on his mission of good-will and cheerfulness each Sunday morning about 9 o'clock, and it takes him most of the day to visit the 100 or more patients who eagerly await his kindly words, friendly smile, and the news he brings. In former days, when he was younger, he visited as many as 250 in a single day. Some

of the persons he visits he finds more or less ill, others damaged and still others happy, but for all of them he carries the same smile, the same invigorating handclasp, and some gifts or tokens to brighten the day for them. The doctors are quick to admit that he does their patients more good than they do because of the way he makes them forget themselves.

Mr. Lowenstein's remuneration comes in the satisfaction that he is being a true friend to man, like the Good Samaritan. When he walks the streets of Asheville he is sure to meet some persons he has visited when they were sick and they have a reunion. But some day he will no longer be able to walk the streets of his home city and pay his weekly visits to patients. When that day comes, the city of Asheville will realize the great need for spreading happiness and will carry on the work through which he has brought happiness to untold thousands. Those who know Mr. Lowenstein and his great kindness say that when he can no longer pay his visits to the sick, his former "patients" will always see that he has plenty of company. There are enough of these persons to form a society to carry on the Asheville man's humanitarian hobby.

Since the Turn of the Century the Kindly Old Man Has Been Cheering Up the Ailing on Sunday.

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Present in Body But Absent in Mind— Her Murder Alibi

"WHAT is it all about? My memory is a blank," asked Mrs. Nita Elizabeth Barr, of Dallas, Texas, when the police arrested her on the charge of murdering Mrs. Blanche Woodall, known as the "blond darling of the border."

On this memory blackout apparently will rest pretty Nita's defense.

It is a mental alibi—that she may have been present in body at the time and scene of the killing but was absent in mind, at least her normal mind.

Whether or not it can save her may depend on whether a jury will accept her unaided word or believe that she is shamming.

No corroborating witnesses can be subpoenaed from the jungle of her mind nor can the prosecution produce a hostile one. Yet nobody can deny that it is entirely possible when Nita asserts:

"I do not know what you are talking about. I tell you I wasn't there."

Jealousy may have been the motive for the killing. Nita may have believed that 26-year-old, copper-blond Blanche who was killed just two days before her divorce suit was to have been heard, had stolen the affections of her husband, Edmund (Ed) Barr, a night club columnist.

Mr. Barr denies this. Whether it be true or not has little bearing on Nita's guilt or innocence.

At any rate, on the evening of April 12, a strange woman, well-dressed, pretty and slightly older than Blanche called at the Woodall apartment, in Dallas, which was occupied by Mrs. Woodall, her 17-year-old brother, Dan L'Angelle; her two children, Marie Antoinette, eight years old and known as Tony, and Brenda, aged two, and the colored maid, Arlena Porter. Blanche's husband, Bennie Woodall, about to face divorce proceedings, was in New York, attending to his business of prizefight promotion.

The stranger appeared at about 8:30 and walked through the apartment as if searching for someone.

"What's your name?" Tony thought it proper to inquire and was told that it was "Vera." But the child knew that her mother might ask, "Vera who?" and so she said, "What's your last name?"

"I haven't any last name," the woman answered.

Tony knew this could not be true but was unable to think of any way of calling the lady a liar, politely, until after she had gone.

As the woman stepped into the hall of the apartment house she passed Dan, who sat in the living room and was sure he had not seen her before. In a few minutes back she came, with his sister. Dan noticed something that troubled him momentarily.

"I could tell Blanche was mad about something—there were tears in her eyes," he said. But then he reflected that women often get mad and cry. It doesn't mean anything because they don't seek each other, the way men do. Probably she'd get glad again, in a minute and, sure enough, the next time he passed the living room the two were conversing quietly. The colored woman put her hand on the other woman's compliment her beauty. That was a sure sign the stranger was trying to be friendly, thought Dan. He went to bed and to sleep, leaving them chatting on and on, in the living room.

Sometime later they woke him up, going into Blanche's bedroom where he heard them primping before her dressing table. The conversation he heard before he shut the door on it seemed utterly trivial but may not be, when discussed in court by mental specialists. The brother heard the woman tell Blanche:

"You look very beautiful—your whole family is pretty."

The "daring of the border" thanked her and said she didn't think her visitor had enough lipstick on. It was at this point that Dan shut his door and went back to sleep. Long enough afterwards for the youth to be sound asleep again, two shots in quick suc-



Mrs. Nita Barr, So the State Charges, Looked Over Mrs. Woodall's Shoulder as She Gave Her a Lesson in Her Lipstick Technique, Then Smiling at Her Reflection, Shot Her Twice Through the Head—But, Nita Says, She Has No Memory of It Whatever.



Mrs. Blanche Woodall, "The Blond Darling of the Border," Who Died Strangely Before Her Mirror.



A Police Photo of Mrs. Woodall's Boudoir Showing the Shattered Mirror in Front of Which She Was Sitting When Killed.

Little "Tony" Woodall, Who Says She Met a Strange Woman in the Apartment the Night of the Killing and Will Perchance Be One of the Witnesses Against Mrs. Barr.

sion sounded in the living room. The murder had been accomplished but why had it been put off all that time? If it was the visitor's conscious self and a plain premeditated murder, why did she visit with the victim all through the evening, praise the beauty of her children and allow herself to be beautiful?

The visitor might have issued an ultimatum to the other about leaving her husband alone and shot when it was scorned. But why would this be put off until just before the two had fixed themselves up, apparently to go out somewhere together? No cry for help, no raised voices throughout the evening, no sign of unpleasantness except the tears in Blanche's eyes when she came in with the visitor were noted.

The State charges that the visitor was Mrs. Barr, but Mrs. Barr, who has been indicted by the Grand Jury on a murder charge, has said that she knows nothing about the shooting.

"I wasn't there," she said. When she said "I," she may have meant her normal personality, which directs her everyday life and remembers things of importance. If, as the inference is, a secondary

personality took charge, committed the murder, attended to the getaway and then when it saw the officers approaching, disappeared, leaving Mrs. Barr's bewildered, normal self to "take the rap"—then all conscious memory of the crime would disappear along with the motive for deception.

For instance, nobody disputes the sincerity of Mrs. Fern Thompson, sole survivor of a South Seas shipwreck when she asks pathetically why her husband does not come home. Yet the leg of the ill-fated little ship "Wing On" tells that she saw him buried at sea. Mrs. Thompson cannot be pretending because there is no motive for deception.

Therefore Nita may be telling the truth. On the other hand, anyone in her predicament has the strongest motive in the world for shamming and the mental alibi is the simplest in the world to maintain. All questions can be turned away, with just one answer: "I don't remember."

This is a question the jury must decide with very little guidance. Unless Nita consents, she cannot be placed on the witness

Mrs. Nita E. Barr, Accused of the Killing But Who Says "My Memory Is a Blank."

stand to be asked anything. Even should she submit to the device known as a "lie-detector," its evidence may not be of any value against a double personality.

The defendant's attorney could assert plausibly that the nervous sweat of the palms, the sudden jump in the needle of the cardiograph and the revealing delay before giving a false answer, are caused in Nita's case, not by her innocent and truthful conscious personality but by the other, hiding in the subconscious mind, to keep listening.

Should Nita elect to take the stand she might testify that no pains thought ever entered her head and honestly she was speaking the truth. It is an old trick of a secondary personality, not only to run away with all memory recall of what happened while it was in charge but also, like a criminal destroying all evidence, to go back and rob the normal self of all recollections that might make it suspicious.

A point that perhaps may be interpreted as in the defendant's favor, is that the victim seems not to have dreamed that she was in danger until the last moment.

And no more could she suspect that a familiar face, figure and voice, calling on her had turned into something that amounted to a perfect disguise for a strange personality. If such a mental blackout did occur, it is possible that Nita may have arrived, under control of the other self, with pistol hidden but ready to shoot the moment they were alone. Then something may have happened which made the new personality hide, permitting Nita's normal self to return. Perhaps it was the sight of Mrs. Woodall's

Did a Strange, Nightmarish Mental Black-out Cause Unhappy Nita Barr to Visit "the Blond-Darling of the Border," in Her Boudoir, Tell Her How Pretty She Was, Take a Lesson in Make-Up—and Then Shoot Her, as Charged by the State, Before She Came Out of Her Living Dream?

pretty children that did it and she may have remained normal until the last moment of the visit. Supposing this to be the case, the normal self suddenly "awakening" in a strange place, would logically have been shocked into hysterics. If this can be explained away, the secondary self may have never gotten control again until just as Blanche arose to go and the submerged self, which called itself Vera, realized that it must be then or never. The Vera self could have robbed the other self of the recollections of the rest of the evening as well as the short time Vera was in command.

When the maid reached the door she saw her mistress dead on the floor with two bullets in her head. She saw, nurse in hand, stepping over the body, the visitor who remarked as she left the apartment:

"You needn't call the cops because I am going to do the name thing to myself."

This rather childish statement is quite in character with a secondary personality which usually has all the marks of immaturity. On this theory Blanche must have died, unable to believe her eyes at the sudden transformation of a quiet caller into a killer. There was no cry of alarm and nobody knows if the transformed woman made any statement as she fired.

Whether she believed it or not, Blanche probably saw death coming. The police state that the first bullet, striking just above the temple, spun her around so that the second entered the back of her head.

Killie Barr, sitting in a downtown restaurant, was called to the telephone. His wife's voice informed him that she was speaking from across the street, so he sauntered over to meet her.

Then, according to his published account of their meeting, the following conversation took place:

"I shot Blanche," she told him. "You're kidding," he replied.

"No, I'm not kidding at all," she said.

Seeing a pistol in the back of the car he decided to take it away from her, kidding or not, he said, and as he did so, she drove away, leaving him wondering.

Next morning, Sunday the thirteenth, they found her in a tourist camp. She was released on \$25,000 bail.

Fate had played cat-and-mouse with Blanche's family. Her parents, combining French and Spanish blood, gave her the name L'Angelle had come to El Paso, Texas, because of its climate. It saved him long enough to father 13 children. He named the 15th Ultimo (Spanish for last).

Mr. L'Angelle could hardly have fed all those mouths had he been in good health, but fate gave him a break for a while. The eldest child, Blanche, was such a beauty that as a dancer, on both sides of the border, her earnings supported them all in luxury. One day, when she was only 18, she vanished. Somehow Bennie Woodall, an El Paso youth earning a fair living in the management of prizefighting, had gotten through the ironed chaperonage of her parents and eloped with the dancer to Las Cruces, New Mexico.

The father went on the WPA and died. But his beautiful daughter was no nappy on her husband's earnings. After having two children she returned to night life and her dancing career. Her divorce hearing would have come in two days had not Nita's bullets made it needless.

The outstanding mind-is-a-blank case was not a murder, but England's famous "dream baby" whose paternity had to be settled in the House of Lords. The Hon. Hugh Russell, son and heir of Lord Amptill, former viceroy of India, was unhappily married to the Hon. Christabel Russell. Though they lived in the same palace, they slept in separate rooms and scarcely spoke to each other for years.

When this wife in name only announced that she expected a baby, her husband sued for divorce on the ground that he could not possibly be its father. The Hon. Christabel explained that, one night he had visited her while walking in his sleep and that she herself had hardly more than remembered it as a dream. The first jury disagreed but the second found in favor of the husband.

The Hon. Christabel then appealed to the House of Lords, who decided to take the mother's word for it. Thus the "dream baby" became the legal heir of titles and estates of Lord Amptill. However, Nita's jury will not be noble lords but plain hardheaded Texans.

A Night at Maxim's NOW



The Bar of Maxim's in 1906, as Painted by the French Artist Galland, and Neither the Bar Nor the Exterior Have Changed Much in Its 48 Years of Crowded History.



Photograph of the Exterior of Maxim's.



Buxom Jeanne Bloch (Quite a Difference Between THEN and NOW)—Jeanne Sang at the Opening of Maxim's Back in 1903 and Was Considered the Dove Girl of That "Daring" Period.

By JACQUES LERMINAT.
Well-known French Journalist, Formerly Associated With "Tatto-Sort," Greatest Newspaper in France.

WHAT luxuries and liberties there are available today in hunger-stricken Paris are bought and sold over the counter in strictly cash deals—no promises.

With the entire city the virtual prisoner of the Nazi army there are still ways of getting out—if you know how. You can buy a perfectly legal passport visa for about \$2,800. If you haven't got the cash, gold plate or jewels will do. Real estate or an I. O. U. is "verboten." Houses and farms aren't worth the plumbing that's in them and promissory notes and checks are dangerous because they will be used as evidence against you.

The counter for the highest priced goods is an old-fashioned restaurant on the Rue Royale. It's name is Chez Maxim's—once a byword for characteristic Parisian gaiety and luxury the world over.

Chez Maxim's opened its doors in 1893 and in all its career there has never been a stranger crowd than gather there now. Close-cropped Germans hung with medals rub elbows with Parisians seeking favors. Croquettes sit side by side with the Generals of Occupation, and nobody knows whether his drinking partner is a pal of Hitler's or food for tomorrow's ass.

The name given to the secret market is the "Black Bourse."

The name is an old one. It originated during the Napoleonic Wars, when there was a food shortage. Laws were passed to prevent speculation in commodities necessary to human life. But there was an underground traffic in them which the law could not get at.

The Bourse is the equivalent of the Stock Exchange, and "Black" means that its activities are wholly illegal. In the Franco-Prussian War it existed in Paris for those who could afford a change from the diet of horse and rat meat.

Only a war can bring it into being and today it functions again.

The risk of trading on the "Black Bourse" is great. If caught, the prison term is three years not to mention a staggering fine. In spite of this, you can buy almost anything you want. If you can pay the price and deal with the "right people," which means, of course, connivance with agents of the conspirators.

There are little Black Bourses as well as the big one at Maxim's.

Let us consider a night at Maxim's in the month of March, 1941.

"A MAGNUM of Moët et Chandon 1906 for His Excellency."

"A truffled turkey for the Marshal's table."

The orders come, thick and fast, for the richest delicacies, and the rarest vintage wines. The place is crowded to tables. German officers in uniform, and a civilian, here and there, in formal evening attire.

And every one of these gentlemen, it seems, has a lovely companion, a young woman decked out in a festive and most elaborately low-cut gown.

THE SKIES over the city are commencing to brighten with daylight. At Maxim's, orders are being given for still one more bottle of champagne, for still another delicate tidbit. But outside, on the streets not far away—and since long before the cold dawn of this morning—long lines have been forming and standing in front of the food stores; old men and women, and younger women, and children, too, with sad, pinched faces, cold and hungry and tired, waiting in the hope that today, perhaps, when they present their



Leni Riefenstahl, German Motion Picture Actress, Who Failed Miserably in Hollywood, and Now Is as Familiar at Maxim's as Were the Old French Demi-Mondaines.

twisted into a smile. Then, after a moment, and with a slight German accent, he says:

"You are mistaken, my friend. There is always room for me. 'The Baron'—that tonight I am 'The Baron'." The headwaiter bows, respectfully: "Pardon me, sir. I shall notify Monsieur Alfred at once."

The gentleman who is to be "The Baron for tonight" does not have to wait very long. Monsieur Alfred, known to all at Chez Maxim's, soon arrives on the scene. He is a corpulent man, calm and undisturbed. For a quarter of a century he has had a hand in organizing and managing the top-drawer night life of what used to be called Gay Paris.

"You are 'The Baron,' Monsieur," he asks. His attitude now is faintly deferential. Then he lowers his voice and says: "I don't believe you've ever been here before."

"I have been appointed to represent Colonel von Reichsacker," the man says, in his German accent. "Never mind my name. I am an officer of the German Army of Occupation. I don't want a table. I'm alone. I much prefer joining the—ah, the ladies at the bar."

"Very well, Monsieur le Baron." The Colonel has instructed me to tell you that you and your associates had better be more discreet in the future. Our little busi-

ness transactions, you understand, are to remain strictly entre nous. And if the headwaiters cannot learn to hold their tongues, why, to our great regret, we shall be obliged not only to put an end to our dealings with you, which would surely be a loss to everyone concerned—to you, and to your customers, and even to us—but we should find ourselves forced to take certain steps, which would include closing the establishment, of course, and possibly also your arrest."

Skilfully, "The Baron" permits his monette to fall into the palm of his hand. He smiles once broadly. Then, looking directly into Alfred's inscrutable gray eyes, he goes on, weighing his words most carefully:

"You understand perfectly well, of course, my dear Monsieur Alfred, that we cannot possibly permit any sort of scandal to leak out. In short, if you should dare under any circumstances whatever—to accuse an officer of the glorious German Army of bribery and corruption, the consequences for you would be unfortunate, most unfortunate. Hell Hitler!" Alfred, in turn, smiles: bows; and with an amiable gesture, invites "The Baron" to enter the establishment.

MAXIM'S, on this March night of 1941, was not unlike the Maxim's which, since the beginning of the century, had been visited by the outstanding personalities of Paris and,

indeed, of the whole world.

The "Baron" stood for a moment at the threshold of a long, oblong room with tables running along the walls to the right and to the left. This room has long been known as the Salle Omnibus, and serves as a sort of corridor between the room with the open bar (where the less distinguished guests and the more loudly dressed women are seated) and the room beyond, the Salle de Fête, with an excellent orchestra, and strictly reserved for clients of sufficient importance and "smartness."

Although the "Baron" had never been to Maxim's before, he had no trouble in recognizing almost everyone in the place. German officers were to be seen at every table, almost without exception. Immediately, the "Baron" was struck by the dazzling spectacle of an equine of white uniform, resplendent with countless medals and decorations—it was Field Marshal Hermann Goering, in person.

The Marshal seemed to be in excellent spirits—not quite so obese as recent photographs had pictured him—and he was smiling broadly, clearly vouching his cold chicken and the bottle of vintage Alsatian wine. His inevitable Marshal's baton was there, on the table, within easy reach.

Nothing but German was being spoken at the Marshal's table. Aside from two officers of his staff, there were two ladies from Berlin, who seemed to be greatly thrilled at being in Paris, in this atmosphere of gaiety and luxury. The ladies were obviously bent on impressing the Marshal; they eagerly kept up a lively patter of conversation.

Two tables away, in a manish, tailored suit, there was a thin, rather handsome woman, whose severe features, however, were beginning to show that she was no longer young. She was sitting there quietly, motionless, staring straight ahead of her with her strange, metallic-looking eyes.

This was Leni Riefenstahl, the actress and motion picture director. She was long considered to be the Führer's one true love—until she completely disappeared from the scene for a while, following her colossal flop in Hollywood.

Beside her, at the table, was a very small man dressed in a tight little gray suit; the only civilian in the room who was not wearing tails or, at least, a dinner-jacket. This little man was lifting a glass of champagne with one hand, and his other hand was around the waist of a very pretty brunette with bobbed hair, strikingly white skin and a rather luscious figure. She was Jenny Jugo, another German movie actress.

Across the table from the little man in gray—who is that woman with His Excellency, Doctor Goebbels?"

"That one?" She's the movie actress, Corinne Luchaire, the star of Paris Without

(Continued on Next Page)

Life in a Conquered Capital, as Revealed by a Remarkable Word Picture of the Historic Cafe Which Was the World-Famous Center of Paris Gaiety But Has Become the "Black Bourse" Where Strange Secret Bargains Are Struck and Privileges Are Cynically Bought and Sold

Jenny Jugo, One of the New Habitues of Maxim's and the Cafe de la Paix Under the Nazi Occupation! She Is Thought the Best Looking of the German Film Actresses and Her Physical Measurements Fit the Nazi Idea of Feminine Perfection.



(Continued from Preceding Page)

Bara. She has just been given a contract by UFA, and Doctor Goebbels has been taking her out every evening. Her father, you know, is a good friend of His Excellency, Otto Abetz, the German Ambassador. Monsieur Luchaire has just been appointed director of the newspapers, Le Matin and Le Nouveau Temps.

JAUNTILY perched on high stools at the bar, young Nazi lieutenants and captains were teasing and jesting with the girls. Despite their heavy make-up, they looked tired, these girls, apathetic.

One of them, especially—a platinum blonde—did not hesitate to show her feelings. Over and over again she said:

"I don't want to go with a 'Fridolin'."

Leaning on the bar, the "Baron" watched and listened. Through half-closed eyes he looked at these girls and he inhaled deeply of their subtle and exciting perfume. He seemed to be reveling in the thought that here he was—a conqueror—in the most beautiful city in the world.

The platinum blonde was saying it again: "No, I don't want to go with any 'Fridolin'."

And the young officer who had been pleading with her now made a great effort to make himself perfectly clear in French.

"But look," he said to the girl, "I'll give you extra ration-cards for meat and for bread. For yourself and for your family, too. You won't be hungry any more."

"No," she said, firmly. "I won't. I won't go with a German."

"You fool. You idiot. If you won't go with a German—whom will you go with? Has anyone else in Paris got any money? The Americans are almost all out. The English are in concentration camps. And the Frenchmen haven't got any money left."

"No, I don't want to go with a German," she said, turning her face away from him, from his lips. With sudden strength, she pushed him away.

Caught off balance, the officer almost fell off his stool. He was angry, now; really angry. He snarled at her:

"You don't want to go, you don't want to... I suppose you love the English. I suppose that's it. A dirty Anglophile, that's what you are. And what are you doing here, anyway? Spying on us? You just wait, I'll mention your name to the Gestapo. You know what happened to your friend Marguerite, don't you? She was trying to pull this act too. Very fastidious. Very finicky. We took care of her, yesterday. It'll be your turn tonight."

The "Baron" did not quite approve of this. He was going to try to stop it.

But, at that moment, things began to happen. The girl had too much to drink, surely. Now she let herself go completely—her temper and her reason.

She suddenly picked up her glass and crashed it against the officer's face. Then they tried out—both of them—the Oberlieutenant because the glass had severely cut him just under his eye, and the girl because the broken fragments of glass had cut her and had somehow fastened her hand to the bleeding face.

Officers came rushing up; and headwaiters.

A major, who had been sitting at a nearby

table, took command of the situation.

"No scandal," he said, curtly. "Put your hand over the mouth of this hysterical woman. You and you—take your comrade out of here by the side door. Give me your names. You, Herr Oberlieutenant, you will go to the infirmary and have your face bandaged. You will then present yourself to your regimental headquarters for arrest. . . . You and you, take this woman out by the same door, deliver her to the next patrol, and tell the officer to have the case referred to me tomorrow morning. I am Major Bruckstein of the Military Police, detailed to guard the person of Marshal Goering. Waiter, shut that door. This unseemly incident must not be permitted to disturb their Excellencies when they are enjoying a moment of well-earned relaxation. Hurry up, Schnell, schnell!"

In less than a minute, the two principals of the drama had disappeared, together with the four officers who had been detailed to escort them.

The "Baron" now sat down on one of the vacated stools of the bar. The bartender, conscientiously, was removing the traces of blood and the fragments of the shattered glass.

Monsieur Alfred arrived. "Monsieur le Baron," he said. "If you could spare just a moment."

"Very gladly, my friend."

"They seemed to understand each other perfectly. Without another word, they went into the cloakroom."

"I have three propositions," he said, in a low voice. "One is a business man who wants a permit to cross the line of demarcation between the two zones."

"Jew? Aryan?"

"Aryan. A very distinguished gentleman. He wants to take the trip to settle some family business. He won't make any trouble at all."

"You'll show him to me. His name?"

"Jacques Merivale. He owns a watch factory. Watches and clocks."

"Twenty-five thousand? The price has gone up 5,000."

"Well, in view of your dishonest clients."

"Don't say that, Monsieur le Baron."

"Your unscrupulous clients, who try to take advantage of travel permits to transfer money and valuables. . . . But what about the other matters?"

"There's one client who wants to have his son released from a prison-camp. And the other one wants to be appointed administrator of a Jewish business concern that has been placed under sequestration."

EVER since the German occupation of Paris, Chez Maxim's has been a veritable oasis of luxury in the very heart of the stricken and desolate city.



Below This Spring of the Cafe de la Paix as Seen Through the Somewhat Satiric Eyes of the Well-Known American Artist W. Morgan and Reproduced Here by Permission of "The New Yorker." Below Mr. Morgan's Drawing Is a Photograph of This World-Famous Meeting-Place Taken a Year or So Before the War With People From Everywhere Enjoying Paris; the Cafe de la Paix Tables Are Where It Has Been Said, "You Can See Everybody You Know in the World If You Only Wait Long Enough."

And, as I have said, it is also the headquarters of the sinister "Black Bourse"—the secret yet notorious market-place for all manner of illicit transactions between Frenchmen and wealthy foreigners on the one hand, and corrupt Nazi officials and military on the other.

All this began almost immediately after the occupation and was inevitable, of course. A Nazi officer—let's call him Colonel von Reuschke—soon graciously granted permission for the restaurant to be reopened and to resume business as heretofore. At the same time, he made it quite clear to certain of the headwaiters that he, the colonel, was in a position to grant all manner of favors—in return, of course, for substantial sums of money; the headwaiters who were willing to cooperate were to receive commissions for all transactions submitted by them.

In short, the under-cover organization was soon running smoothly.

A definite scale of prices was established. Every evening a different officer came to Maxim's as the personal representative of Colonel von Reuschke. This officer always identified himself by saying that he was "The Baron."

The waiters who had joined the under-cover organization then knew, of course, with whom they had to deal on this given evening.

Monsieur Alfred found himself in the position of being able to be of great service to his clients, on occasion; and, incidentally, of

ingratiating himself with an increasing number of German officers.

Some care had to be taken, however; the organization could not operate too openly; for the officers of the Kommandatur were constantly being spied on by the Gestapo agents, and all of them were more or less under observation by Embassy representatives.

Alfred knew, however, that he need never worry too much. He had good reason to believe that all these shady transactions went on with the tacit consent of the highest Nazi authorities; and that at least a part of all this money was destined to go directly into the coffers of National Socialist Party. The Treasury of the German Reich, it was generally known, could not subsidize the Party directly.

Alfred, surely, had no occasion to be concerned. But he was shrewd enough not to reveal that he understood the true state of affairs; he proceeded with great caution and discretion. The one thing that mattered, of course, was that Maxim's continued to be the one outstanding night-spot in Paris; the one place where people who really counted automatically drifted to at nightfall. As in the good old days, the wealthy and the powerful flocked to Maxim's to forget, to amuse themselves, to flirt. Now, a certain number came, regularly to conspire.

ALFRED and the "Baron" were busily engaged, exchanging bank-notes (and some

of them were American dollars) for precious transit permits from the Kommandatur and for special official authorizations, enabling those who could pay to escape many of the hardships which the other Parisians had to suffer under the occupation.

The "Baron" and Monsieur Alfred, having taken care of the evening's principal business, now lingered for a moment near the entrance to the room with gilded wainscoting and gleaming crystal chandeliers.

"Ah," Alfred sighed, "I tell you, things have happened here in this Louis XVI Salle. History, you might say, was made here; the history of the Follies of the Third Republic. . . . Many a plan, political, financial and military has been discussed here at these tables throughout the years."

The "Baron" was in excellent spirits. "Monsieur Alfred," he said, "I often came to Paris on business before the war. And, do you know, I never once came here to Maxim's. Maybe," he added with a smile, "it was its terrible reputation and its women to whom even the strongest man would succumb. . . ."

Alfred interrupted him. "Monsieur le Baron, I assure you, Maxim's was never quite as terrible as all that."

"Of course not. I see now that I over-

(Continued on Page 11)



The "Budgie" Has a Fine Ear for Music and Sometimes Helps His Owner Pluck the Strings of His Guitar. Few Feathered Members of the Animal Kingdom Have the Intelligence to Do Such Things.

MAYBE you have seen a budgie. If you have, the chances are that you have called it a "love bird"—many people do. The budgie, however, is not the true love bird which hails from Africa, but an Australian grass parakeet, known to fanciers as a "budgie."

Although comparatively new in America, the "budgie" has long been a favorite pet of British bird lovers. There is a Budgerigar Society in Great Britain. That Society now has a counterpart in Canada where the budgie has won a host of friends.

The budgerigar (pronounced bud-jerry-gar) comes in many colors and is pretty to look at, but that is not his chief attraction.



"Gerry" Can Get Out of His Cage Any Time He Wants to—Just by Tinkling the Bell Suspended Over the Door of His Comfortable All-Metal Home.

Science Using the Oil Can to Grow Better Corn

BACKYARD gardeners, pent-house dwellers who grow a stalk or two of sweet corn every Summer and the chief vegetable raisers on the farm—probably the farmers' wives—all may be reaching for their long-sprouted oil cans this year.

But they won't be using the garden tools with the special bit of equipment. They'll be lubricating part of the garden crop with gratifying results, if they follow directions.

An "early bird" scientist, Dr. A. E. Michaelbacher of the University of California College of Agriculture, has been going out after worms—brownish-white creatures that infest ears of sweetcorn. He says that dosing with a mixture of high-grade white mineral oil and an insecticide called pyrethrum is a more or less sure-fire way to get rid of them. But he also warns that this is a tedious and expensive treatment.

Even so, a lot of corn-on-the-cob probably will be "greased" with mineral oil in the garden this Summer long before it drips with butter at the dinner table. Real corn lovers will find the expense worth while if it rid their favorite vegetable of these pests. Every worm-conscious householder who has cleaned green corn has experienced a shudder of expectancy and perhaps muttered "a worm or not a worm that is the question" as she gently parted the husks. But this year, if her

little corn-patch has been scientifically oiled, the housewife's chances of unsmothering a crawling worm are not more than one in ten.

Last season Dr. Michaelbacher tried out the oil treatment on his own experimental patch of corn. More than 50 per cent of the ears he treated were made worm-free, he reports.

With a long-spouted oil can he injected the oil and insect-killing mixture into the tip of each ear where the silk sticks out—being sure that it ran down inside the "silk channel." It is important, he cautions, that the gardener wait to put in the oil until the silk has begun to wilt and dry up. Otherwise pollination of the plant will not take place properly.

The oil seeps down the corn ear and kills the worm, but, Dr. Michaelbacher explains, no poisonous residue is left on the ear.

This method of using oil on sweetcorn in the making may cause a small nubbin of corn to form at the top of the regular ear—but this does not make it less palatable or lower its market value and it should bother no one.

It is estimated that one person can treat from 6,000 to 10,000 ears a day. That means working at the rate of about 1 ear every 12 seconds.

Oil and pyrethrum mixtures, ready for use, can be obtained from most firms dealing in insect poisons.

THE SMARTEST BIRD in the WORLD

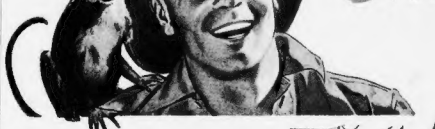
It's the "Budgie" and It Can Express Its Intelligence and Affection in Plain Words

page are graphic proof that the budgie is smart enough to know which side its bread is buttered on. One of the pictures shows Gerry co-operating with his owner in picking out a fandango on the guitar. Another picture shows the parakeet taking an extraordinary interest in the business of "gliding the lily."

"Gerry" Is So Fond of the Woman Who Tamed Him and Taught Him to Speak the King's English That He Tries to Help When His Friend Does a Little Gliding of the Lily. "Gerry" Is No Love Bird, in the Strict Zoological Meaning of the Word, Although He Is Full of Affection.



IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK IN A COUNTRY WHERE YOU CAN GET THIS FOUR-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!



1 "MANY'S THE MORNING I'd have traded all my trophies for a good American breakfast!" said the Major, home from the African jungle. "Golden-brown Post Toasties, swimming in cream, crisp and packed with toasted corn flavor. Mmm—say! Is breakfast ready?"



2 "SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, Cousin Tom—something swell has happened! These are the new Post Toasties—better than ever! As a breakfast treat, they're just like that new adventure picture of yours—they get four stars! First, they're toasted to stay crisp in milk or cream—and they're ever so rich in corn flakes flavor! Aren't they even better than you remembered? Have some more..."



ONLY CORN FLAKES containing VITAMIN B1 the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! Of all cold cereals, corn flakes cost the least—and of all corn flakes, new Post Toasties with Vitamin B1 are your "best buy!"

MORE NOURISHING! New Post Toasties with Vitamin B1 are richer, tastier, give more energy food value.

MORE DELICIOUS New Post Toasties are crispier, corn flakes—rich in America's favorite breakfast flavor!

3 "I SEE YOU LIKE THEM, TOM! As you know, Post Toasties have always been rich in easily digested, quick-energy food value... nourishment everybody needs at breakfast to start the day right. But these new Post Toasties give you an extra food value found in no other corn flakes..."



4 "VITAMIN B1! Nutrition experts call it the missing vitamin because, they say, 3 out of 4 people do not get enough Vitamin B1 from the food they eat daily. Yet it's so important for abundant energy, sound nerves, and normal growth and appetite.

"Finally, Tom—and this is important to a woman—no other ready-to-eat cereal costs as little as corn flakes... so the extra values in the new Post Toasties with Vitamin B1 make them my 'best buy' in cereals. So you see, the new Post Toasties are really a '4-Star Breakfast Treat!'"

A Post Cereal made by General Foods



ENJOY THE NOURISHING NEW POST TOASTIES FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

Dan Parker Explains Why — "Commodores Don't Woik"



By DAN PARKER,

Popular Sports Writer and New York's Most Famous Collector of Strange Characters.

It will be 62 years, come Bank Holiday, since Commodore Dutch, last of the Bowery Boys, drew a first breath of invigorating slum air through his mouth's left corner.

But the bloke has yet to soil his slightly less than lil'-white lunch-grabbers with vulgar manual labor.

Meantime, nobody has died and left him a million. Neither is the Commodore on relief.

Since he is strictly a dry land sea dog, the Navy hasn't pensioned him.

Panhandling being beneath the dignity of his lofty rank, he has never gone in for that grift.

But withal, Commodore Dutch has lived in solid comfort from boyhood to the twilight of his career without doing one lick of any kind of work, because 41 years ago, while playing a practical joke on Chuck Connors, famous Bowery character, Big Tim Sullivan, the fabulous Tammany leader of the Gay Nineties, unwittingly gave him a solution of the struggle for survival of which Darwin hadn't thought.

Commodore Dutch has been keeping that old curly wolf Want from his threshold ever since 1901 by running himself a yearly benefit.

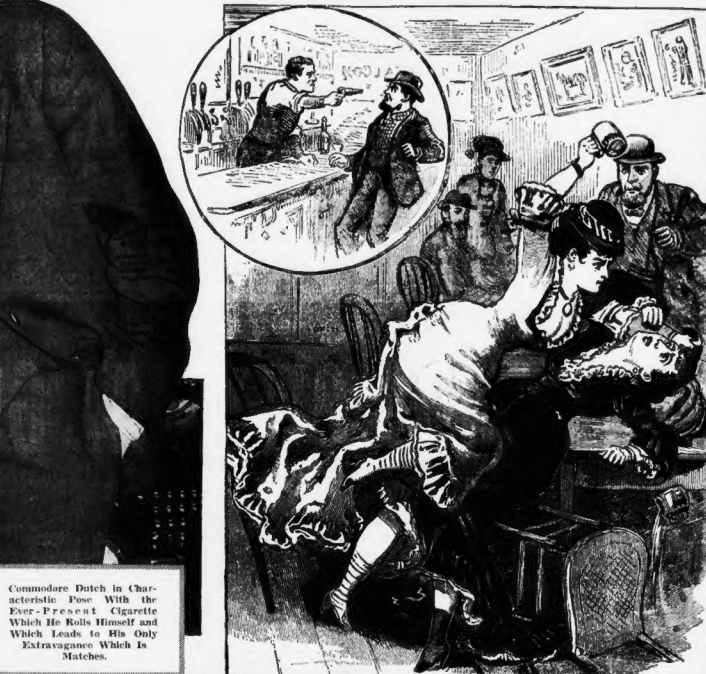
Only a few weeks ago, the 41st annual ball of the Commodore Dutch Association (Commodore Dutch, sole member and beneficiary) was held at Stuyvesant Garden on "Third Avenue near Thirtieth Street" and besides ringing down the curtain on the Bowery's special season, it provided the Commodore with enough scratch to keep the sheriff and landlord at bay for one more year.

Big Tim Sullivan, who ruled the Bowery when it really was the Bowery and people awoke in three-four time that they'd never got there any more, has been dead these many years. But such was his influence that the mere fact that he gave his patronage to a tough, low-headed street urchin back in the days before Big Nose Meyers and the other Bowery heroes marched off with the Ninth Regiment to the Spanish American War to the stirring tune of "Good Bye Dolly Gray" is still enough to make the Commodore's annual Naval Ball a sellout in 1941, as it has been in each of the 40 years he has run it.

"Some of me solid members croaked since last year," said the Commodore with becoming reverence the other day "but da rest of da gang joined out to tip me leadin' da grand march once more wit' me broad, Fat Tullie from Greenpoint."

Commodore Dutch is a skinny little fellow with feverish looking blue eyes set above hollow cheeks. His perpetual grin exposes one lower incisor, now colored like an ancient mercurium, the last of a set of "dibbers" that once charmed all the gobs on the Bowery. This lone sentinel wobbles around like a pile in a sea storm when the Commodore talks which he consents to do with practically no encouragement.

He is always scurrying around corners as if bent on an important mission, although the only mission he knows about is located on the Bowery. When he stops to chat with an acquaintance, out comes his case of tobacco and book of cigarette papers and his nimble,



Commodore Dutch in Characteristic Pose With the Ever-Present Cigarette Which He Rolls Himself and Which Leads to His Only Extravagance Which Is Matches.



Another Police Gazette Picture of the Notorious Haymarket, a Part of the Bowery Set-Up, Entitled: "New York's Deadly Dives—Scene at the Haymarket, Formerly the Old Argyle Rooms, on a Gala Night—Shadow Dances in Which the Streets of Sixth Avenue Trip the Light Fantastic With the Fast Bloods of the Metropolitans."

though slightly muddled fingers start rolling a cigarette.

Then the Commodore indulges in his only extravagance. He lights watch after match and lets it burn out while he talks on.

Nor does he ever waver for an appreciative audience, while he rattles off his colorful if archaic brand of Bowery lingo, now so seldom heard in New York.

Everybody likes Commodore Dutch and he returns the compliments in spades. But he has had only one idol and that was Big Tim Sullivan.

No one except himself and his sister knows the Commodore's name and they aren't telling. As a Bowery Boy who prided himself on his record of having been "trund out" of every school in his Assembly District before he was 14, the Commodore was first nick-named "Dutch" because of his blond hair.

The Commodore title wasn't bestowed on him until about a decade later when Big Tim, his patron saint, again bent on practical joking, fogged Dutch out in a Commodore's uniform, complete with cocked hat, twin swords and gold epaulettes, and steamed him up to march ahead of a pompous military man named Colonel Michael C. Padden who always wanted to lead the parade of the Big Tim Sullivan Association on its annual outings to Donnelly's Grove at College Point, L. I.

The Commodore's first hangout was the Brighton Cafe on Great Jones Street just off the Bowery, in the back room of which Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, used to do his training. Dutch, then only 15, caught on as one of Oscar's sparring partners. The O'Brien brothers who ran the Brighton introduced Dutch to Big Tim Sullivan as the toughest kid on the Bowery, when the leader dropped

in for a game of cards one day.

The Tammany boss, who had been a newsboy on the Bowery, immediately took a shine to the boy because of his sharp wit.

"You're the mascot of my club from now on," he told Dutch.

So, the lad transferred his headquarters to the Hesper Club, Big Tim's place on the Bowery. The club, located a few doors down from Hansen's One Mile House, was named by Sullivan for one of his favorite race horses. Here all the politicians gathered and Big Tim, who neither drank nor smoked, played cards with them. Chuck Connors, then in his prime as the No. 1 character of the Bowery, used to hang around Big Tim's place, and while everyone else was gaping at him, fascinated by his strange attire, Chuck would listen in open-mouthed admiration while the tough young street urchin they called Dutch reeled off his picturesque slang.

"Everyone that didn't know Chuck had him tabbed as a tough guy," recalls Commodore Dutch. "Say, that bloke was a softie. Allus he could do was look tough for the tourists. He just liked to have a good time, wit' lots of free mule to drink and no wote to do. I still remember his favorite song. He used to sit down at a table wit' me at Big Tim's and sing it. The woids ran like this:

"Poilies on me elbow.
"Poilies on me coat.
"Poilies on me blue shirt
"Makes me look da bloke.
"And me little bit of tarpot
"Slapped up on me nut
"Makes me look da real ting—
"Chuck, Chuck, Chuck."

One judges from Commodore's soft-pedal comment on Chuck that he was a gent

Scenes From the Old Bowery as Portrayed at the Time by the Then Famous Police Gazette Which Captioned the Above—"New York's Deadly Dives—A Bowery Inferno—Osway Geoghegan's 'Hurdy-Gurdy' Where Thieves, Prostitutes and Blacklegs Hold Nightly Revel Uninterrupted Heavily Unchecked by the Police."

fraud, the product of such newspaper pens as "Wurra Wurra" McLaughlin's on the old New York World. After a visit to London as a seaman, Chuck brought the "poilies" idea back to the Bowery. He had seen costermongers in Whitechapel togged out in their Sunday finery, covered with patch buttons, and introduced the vogue in Chatham Square, on his return.

The outfit of a Bowery Boy when Chuck and Commodore Dutch were pals was a square cut, short, tan topcoat or "tinger," skin tight trousers with a razor-sharp crease, usually sewn in for permanence, a blue shirt, patent leather shoes, and, perched on the side of the head, a tarpot or derby of a light brown hue, decorated with dark pearl buttons. The lapels of the "tingers" were marked out in front by means of gadgets resembling oversize bicycle clips worn under the collar. They probably constituted the male sex's answer to the bustle.

A smart trick of the Bowery Boys when they were bored by someone's line of chatter was to turn their backs on him, remark: "Hully Gee, it's gettin' cold!" and with that, turn up their coat collars, releasing the springs which flew out and hit the offender in the mouth.

Commodore Dutch was never clever enough with his dukes to make a career of boxing, successful though he was in street fighting with neighborhood gangs. There was no malice in these fights, Dutch hastens to explain. The boys did it just out of high spirits. No weapons but fists were used. The highest Dutch got as a boxer was the proud post of sparring partner for Terry McGovern when the Friar of the Gowan (by way of Johnstown, Penna.) won the bantamweight title.

"I had a hell of a punch but didn't felly up the game," said the Commodore, as if apologizing for almost having ruined his career by working professionally at anything except a life of leisure.

When he was fourteen, the Commodore developed a habit to which he has adhered faithfully ever since. Like a ground mole and barn owl, he came out only after dark, spending the daylight hours in his "flopy" catching a couple of winks.

When the annoying sun had set behind the Chatham Square "B" structure in the direction of "Jokey," the Commodore would come out of his warren and make the round of the joints.

First he'd call at Steve Brodie's place and listen, bored, while Steve regaled the visiting firemen with the thread-bare story of how he took a chance and jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. From there he'd drop in to wish Osway Geoghegan the time of night.

"But I dasset talk out of toin in his joint," cause he'd butt you as quick as he'd look at you, if you got fresh," explains the Commodore.

Next, he'd see what was going on at Mc-

That Dry Land Sea
log, Commodore
Dutch, Lingering Relic
of the Tough Old Bow-
ery, Has Struggled
Half a Century Suc-
cessfully to Keep From
Soiling His Hands on
Any Kind of Labor—
But Once He Came
Dangerously Close to
Getting a Job



Chuck Connors With His Big Pearl Buttons: He Was One of the Bowery Pals of the Commodore, and Made Part of His Living by Exhibiting Fake Opium Joints to Gullible Tourists as a Professional "Tough Guy."

Chuck's Suicide Hall or maybe he'd listen to a skinny kid named Izzy Ballin singing his own songs at Nigger Mike's. As Irving Berlin, the millionaire songwriter who married a girl in the Social Register, Izzy Ballin is now on the Commodore's floor committee for the annual ball.

The Commodore was known as the best dancer on the Bowery, being particularly clever at reversing in the waltz though he was no slouch at the German 400. It was while doing a fancy reverse at the annual ball of the Chuck Connors Association one night that one of the most important incidents in his career occurred.

"Chuck was waltzin' around wit' his Mag dis night," relates the Commodore, his tooth sobbling excitedly, "when I breezes past him and goes into me reveuse. If I do say so meself, I was policed."

"But Chuck's Mag is bent up 'cause I'm takin' the play away from dem, see? So what does she do but grab a bottle of champagne off a table as she waltzes past and biffs me on the cunk wit' it."

"Down I goes like McGinty. And Maggie, followin' troy, flops after me. I gets up foist and the gang is nosin' me to put the boots to her. But I remembers me purty manners and, clearin' me t'roat so everybody could hear I says:

"Commodore Dutch is a gentleman. He never kicks a broad while she's down."

This gallant feat not only established Commodore Dutch as a real gent but provided a priceless addition to the list of famous bow nois.

The story that Chuck and Commodore were enemies is a dastardly lie, says Dutch. Big Tim thought he'd give Chuck the burn once by organizing the Commodore Dutch Navy Ball to run in opposition to Chuck's annual affair. Dan the Dude Muleyah, another politician, joined with Big Tim in organizing the ball in 1901.

But Chuck, showing even better sports-

(Continued on Page 22)

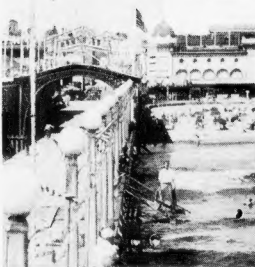


Miss Wiggins Finds Walking on the Wings of a Speeding Airplane a Tame Occupation Compared With Diving 86 Feet Into a Tub of Water, or Rolling Over and Over in a Racing Automobile.

"Have you got any oceans that you'd like to have swim?"
"Have you got any mountains that you'd like to have climb?"
(Popular Song)

IF SO, you can't do better than call Mary Wiggins. Mary is Hollywood's top-notch stunt girl, and dropping from an airplane, leaping into the ocean from a burning ship, or crashing an automobile, is all in the day's work. Mary's used to it, has been doing it for years, loves it, and gets well paid for it.

This thrilling career of cinema calamity began in Tampa, Florida, when Mary was barely sixteen. At high school she had been putting all the other girls' noses out of joint with her fancy, self-taught diving stunts. Then one day a traveling show came to town and offered the local mermaids a chance to show off.



"Murdered" by a Mouse

FOR MANY years Rudolph Leonardi was famous from one end of the European continent to the other as a trainer of lions and other beasts of the jungle.

Several times during his dangerous and spectacular career Leonardi was attacked by the big cats. On one occasion a male lion, enraged by a toothache, forgot his fear of the trainer's whip and jumped on Leonardi from his perch above the trainer's head.

The man was knocked to the ground and clawed within an inch of his life before circus hands drove the beast off and dragged the wounded man out of the arena.

Another time Leonardi's interest in a lion cub was misunderstood by its 200-pound mother who almost chewed her master's arm off at the elbow.

From these and several less serious mishaps Leonardi recovered and resumed his intrepid career, convinced that it was not in the stars for him to end his life that way.

Not long ago the famous trainer took his menagerie of jungle cats to Vienna. When the animals were safely locked up for the night, Leonardi went into an empty lion cage to tell a workman how to repair the front door leading into it. He had removed his heavy leather boots and was wearing a pair of low, lightweight slippers.

As he stepped into the cage a mouse ran across one of his feet, so bit him in the ankle. The rodent's tiny teeth made a very small puncture and Leonardi paid no attention to it—until the ankle began to swell.

The next day he was in great pain, his leg was swollen to the knee and he had to postpone his performance for a hurry-up trip to the hospital. The doctors performed an emergency operation—but a week later the man who had spent his life breaking wild beasts to his will was dead.

It was Mary's big chance and she seized it. For the next two years she did her diving act and was star attraction of the show, but if you're accustomed to disporting yourself in the Atlantic Ocean you just can't accept a portable tank as a permanent substitute. Besides, Mary knew that sooner or later all bright girls go to Hollywood.

That was ten years ago, and in all that time neither Mary nor Hollywood has regretted it for one moment. "It isn't so very dangerous if you really know your business," she explains with a devastating smile. "and I really haven't been frightened in my life. Once, someone had shifted my diving-platform out of line with the five-foot tub of water 84 feet below me, and I had to twist in the air in order to hit the water. I scraped the tub as I hit the water, but I made it. Another time I was doubling for Annabella in 'Suez' in the desert simoon scene. I was literally blown off my feet by 24 huge wind-machines, and hurried through the air into a big net just out of camera range.

"I like aquatics and aviation work best. Wing-walking, parachute jumps, high-diving. I don't care for horseback riding, but I do enjoy motor crashes. Incidentally, I'm the only stunt girl in Hollywood who's qualified to turn over an automobile.

"A stunt performer can't afford to get hurt in this work, for we can't carry insurance. On the other hand, salaries are very good—\$35.00 per day is the minimum. This is for general work such as riding, swimming, being buried in earthquakes, or what-have-you. Being blown through the air—as in 'Suez'—pays \$250. A parachute jump gives you \$125. Skidding a car brings \$75, while a crash pays only \$50. For turning a car completely over, with me inside, I get \$500; and for

For Two Years
Miss Wiggins
Took the
Breath Away
From Spectators With Her
High-Diving
Act—Which
Eventually
Landed Her In
the Movies.

A GIRL WHO ISN'T AFRAID OF ANYTHING

per foot up to 55 feet. \$1 for each half foot over that up to 56 feet, and \$1 per inch from there on.

"Only once in all my experience have I had a director change rates on me. I told him I would dive off a 40-foot cliff for \$50. I was over-charging because it was particularly difficult. We argued for ten minutes, he insisting that he'd pay me \$1 a foot and no more. Finally I agreed. But something went wrong every time. Not with me, but with the camera, or one of the players. I made that dive seven times before he felt the scene was exactly as he wanted it. But when I asked for my check I almost fainted. Instead of the \$40 I expected he had made it out for \$350, thus paying me for every one of the scenes which had gone wrong, as well as the perfect 'take'."

"I know my work so well that I've never had any but minor injuries—excepting once. And that

Her Name Is Mary Wiggins and She Wouldn't Be Happy Unless She Was Keeping One Jump Ahead of Sudden Death

once was while I was on vacation. It happened at Crystal Springs, Florida. I went to the old swimming-hole where I had first learned to dive. I tried the five-foot diving board, struck my head on the bottom in a half-gaynor, and broke my back. I was in the hospital for twelve weeks."

If Mary Wiggins Wasn't Hollywood's No. 1 Stunt Girl, She Might Be Thrilling Movie-Goers as a Glamour Girl—She's Pretty as Well as Nery.



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England's Rich (and Stingy)

Duke Reduced to a "Mere Pittance"

LONDON, May 9. PEOPLE are laughing at the efforts of the Duke of Bedford—the twelfth Duke—in protecting himself against the loss of his wealth by the colossal war taxation.

He has only \$20,000,000 and is afraid he will have to pay an income-tax of 75 per cent and get along on about \$25,000 a year which he considers a "mere pittance"—and, indeed, considering the number of people to whom he pays wages, it really would be.

The Duke is one of the richest men in England and also the stingiest duke. He received much publicity recently because of his refusal to pay the annual salary of the Vicar of Woburn Parish—\$1,400—which had always been regarded as an obligation by his ancestors and a trifling return for the millions of property they had niched from the Church.

In a dispute with the Church, the Duke said he could not afford to pay the Vicar's small annual salary, and the Bishop of St. Albans is now trying to prove that he can pay it.

The Duke, when known as Lord Tavistock, married Miss Roberta Whitwell, who did not belong to quite the same high social class as himself. That did not worry the Duke, as he thought it would make her economical. He was badly mistaken.

The Duke hates all extravagance. He hates alcohol, tobacco, playing cards for money and betting. He does not play games and thinks that women should not wear gay dresses.

Life proved very gloomy for Lady Tavistock until she found a spiritual companion in a moderately sporting baron, the Rev. Cecil Squire. The Duke left his wife, but failed to prove she had done anything wrong.

He is now offering for sale his historic estates of 100,000 acres in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire in order that he may have cash to meet the tax emergency instead of a lot of land.

The Duke is the author of a gloomy book aiming to prove that all our miseries are due to over-taxation.

One of the many amusing features of the situation is that he was once sympathetic toward the Nazi cause and somewhat Fascist-minded. But now he is afraid that he may be driven to poverty by England's struggle to destroy Fascism and Nazism.

An interesting fact is that most of the Bedford property came from the confiscation of monasteries by King Henry VIII. There is a tradition that misfortune falls sooner or later upon the family that holds such property confiscated from the Church.

This is a matter open to discussion. The Russells—this is the family name of the Dukes of Bedford—have had on to their monastic property for about 400 years and have enjoyed an income of several millions a year from it. On the other hand, many tragedies have happened to the Bedford family. One of its most talented members, Lord William Russell, was beheaded on false charges. One Duke committed suicide.

Bertrand Russell, the advocate of free love and socialism, is a member of the family and the Duke probably looks upon that as a major disaster.

When Henry VIII started his royal racket of confiscating the monasteries, in 1540, he granted the Duke's ancestor the site and lands of the Abbey of Tavistock. It was particularly choice property with palatial buildings, barns, orchards, fish ponds and everything that made property worth having in old times.

But that was only a starter in the way of absorbing monasteries. Later the King, thinking that he had not given the pioneer Russell enough, granted him the great Abbey of Woburn and the lands connected with it.

The last Abbot of Woburn was hanged in front of his Abbey on a trumped up charge



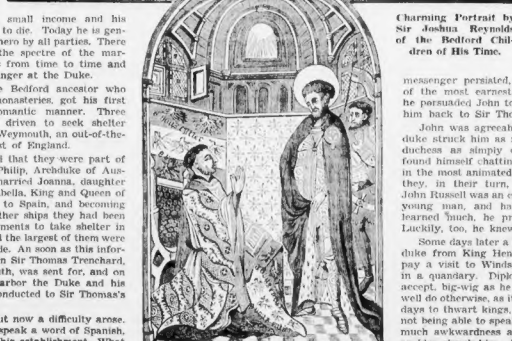
The Trial of Lord William Russell in 1683, With His Devoted Wife Shown Below Him As He Pleads His Case; the Little Sketches at Top Show His Behaving in the Tower and the Hanging of the Monk, Which Founded the Bedford Fortunes.



The First Earl of Bedford.



Charming Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds of the Bedford Children of His Time.



The Precursors of the Present Family Were Very Religious. As Shown by This Old Print of an Early Duke of Bedford Behaving a Vision of St. George.

Astonishing Ups and Downs of the Noble Bedfords Ever Since Rackeering Old Henry VIII Hanged

the Monk in Front of His Abbey Door to Provide His Favorites with Their Ancestral Home.

hands, "just the very thing!"

So Russell was at once communicated with, and, seeing all sorts of possibilities before him, he immediately assented. He went with the Spaniards to Windsor Castle, was introduced to the King. The King at once took to him and his fortune was consequently made. Appointed a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, he served in that capacity till Henry's death, three years later. With Henry's successors, "Buff King Hal" otherwise Henry VIII, the biggest tyrant that ever disgraced the English throne, in power, Russell's prospects might well have been dimmed, but luck still favored him in the most remarkable manner.

The new King took to him, just as the former one had done, and it speaks volumes for his tact and personality that he always kept in with the King, even at times when that bloody monster was sending persons after person to torture and the block.

In 1526, largely through the medium of Henry, he married the daughter and heiress of wealthy old Sir Guy Spauce of Chiches, Buckinghamshire, gaining possession of the beautiful old estate of Chiches, together with much money.

Soon after the marriage Russell was raised to the peerage as Baron Russell of Chiches.

One day he said of did something that pleased the King, who laughingly remarked: "By my baldness, you deserve a nice fat monastery for that," and, lo-and-behold, the very next morning Russell received a royal grant to the Abbey of Tavistock and its extensive possessions.

Of course, it was at the expense of an army of monks and friars who had lived in the abbey for years and who had no other home. But who cared? They were speedily turned adrift into the fields and lanes without a single penny between them.

Still content and upward. Next came the royal gift of the still greater Woburn Abbey, as already described. With the gifts of monastic property came Covent Garden which in time developed into a market that enabled the Bedfords to collect a tax on all the high-class fruit, flowers and vegetables sold in London. The amount went on rising year after year and was practically a tax on the food of London.

The late Duke excited some attention in 1912 when he prudently sold his rights in the Covent Garden property to H. Mallaby Deeley, an enterprising business speculator, for \$12,000,000.

When the Duke was in possession of Covent Garden the London County Council tried to compel him to render an accounting of his receipts from the market and proposed to start an opposition market, so that the poor of London could buy their fruit and vegetables at a cheaper price. The Duke not only refused to give any accounting, but even succeeded in getting an injunction against the County Council restraining them from building an opposition market within seven miles of Covent Garden.

In the early morning nearly every street converging on the market was blocked with wagons, barrows and trucks bringing produce from the country. Every day the Duke had to pay a toll to the Duke for standing in the streets while waiting to be unloaded and the consignees also had to pay an additional tax on every pound of the produce.

But even before the World War the Duke realized that a dangerous feeling was arising against all these jolly privileges as he sold them out to a practical business man.

One of the many tragedies of this illustrious family was the beheading of Lord William Russell, son of the Duke and his day, in the reign of King Charles II. He was an unusually high-minded statesman in an age remarkable for desperately dirty politics. He was accused of being concerned in the Rye House plot supposed to have been planned to kill Charles and his brother, the Duke of York. The plot was a partial invention and Russell's connection with it a complete invention.

In spite of his great family and the efforts of his devoted and beautiful wife, Lady Rachel, he was condemned after a mockery of a trial and beheaded.

And now we are going to witness a new phase in the history of this famous old English family.

The Eleventh Duke of Bedford, Who Sold Covent Garden Market for \$12,000,000.

was the son of Mr. James Russell, scion of a very old Devonshire family, and had recently returned home after traveling for some time on the Continent, where he had learned several languages. Sir Thomas at once dispatched a messenger to him, asking him to come round to his house immediately to help entertain a distinguished Spaniard.

John Russell had counted on spending a quiet evening at home in the company of his beloved books and the idea of being dragged off to the glare of his wealthy kinsman's table to talk and laugh with strangers annoyed him. He refused.

The messenger persisted, and at length, by dint of the most earnest prayers and entreaties, he persuaded John to give in and accompany him back to Sir Thomas's.

John was agreeably surprised. The Archduchess was simply charming, and he soon found himself chatting away to both of them in the most animated and easy manner. And they, in their turn, were quite captivated. John Russell was an exceptionally nice looking young man, and having traveled far and learned much, he proved very entertaining. Luckily, too, he knew Spanish.

Some days later a letter came to the Archduchess from King Henry VII, inviting him to pay a visit to Windsor. The Archduchess was in a quandary. Diplomacy prompted him to accept, big-wig as he was, he could not very well do otherwise, as it was dangerous in those days to thwart kings, especially Tudors. But not being able to speak English he anticipated much awkwardness and inconvenience, when an idea struck him. That very prepossessing young Englishman, John Russell. Why not take him with him? He mentioned the idea to Joanna, and she at once acquiesced.

"Russell," she said, clapping her pretty

Fatal Lift

by
Katharine Newlin
Burt

"DIDN'T you really hate your Aunt Judith for giving me the pearls?" asked Jackie Seymour of lovely Lucy Grange.

"I suppose you thought they were ordinary pearls," replied Lucy. "They aren't. Aunt Judith last night, on purpose to hurt me and make me ashamed before everyone, gave you the Grange pearls."

This tense scene occurred in the charming suburban Philadelphia house of Ralph Grange, Lucy's father, shortly after he had come back from his honeymoon with his second wife, Linnie Seymour, Jackie's mother.

Lucy had welcomed her stepmother warmly, but Linnie, comparing Lucy's surpassing beauty with the looks of her own plainer Jackie, was consumed with jealousy on her daughter's account. A few days after her honeymoon she went with Lucy to call on the girl's elderly great-aunt, the Mauser Judith and La Grange. Judith hated Lucy and showed it. She welcomed Linnie, termed Lucy an imbecile, sensed Linnie's jealousy of her, and asked to meet Jackie.

During the call, Dr. Henry Treyme, a young nerve specialist burst into Judith's room. He had come by mistake, and was summarily dismissed. Seeing Lucy downstairs, he asked her if she was married, and when she told him she wasn't because no sensible person had ever asked her, he lifted her chin, looked searchingly into her eyes, remarked: "Poor kid," and left her much amused.

Jackie who had come to live with Linnie, quickly saw how jealous her mother was of Lucy, but the girls liked each other. Jackie and Lucy each received letters a few mornings afterwards. Lucy's was from Henry Treyme. "I'm very much interested in you," he wrote, "and I'd be grateful to you if you'd let me diagnose and clarify a condition which I believe may some day bring you unnecessary trouble and unhappiness."

Jackie's was from Peter Wayne, a young man she greatly liked, announcing he'd got a job in an airplane factory. "You'll love him," she told Lucy. The latter, still sensing Linnie's latent jealousy, mollified her by proposing a party for Jackie. Then she wrote Treyme, inviting him and humorously refusing the request in his letter.

But her party enraged Judith, who had planned a tea for Jackie. She demanded that Lucy give up her dance, but Lucy defied her. At the dance she met Peter, was greatly taken with him and danced with him. Unexpectantly, Judith appeared and gave Jackie a string of pearls. It was this gift that elicited Lucy's revelation the next day that the pearls were real. When Linnie told Ralph the story, he was furious. "They belong to Lucy," he said, "they're an inheritance."

Hubbard and wife had words. Ralph demanded that Jackie produce the pearls at once, but they had disappeared. Soon after, Treyme took Lucy for a drive. They got out to look at the view and Treyme said Aunt Lu, whom he was treating, couldn't sleep. "It was the night of my party she began to be awake, wasn't it?" asked Lucy. When he assented, she told him Aunt Lu was sleepless over the business of the Grange pearls. He was astonished to hear they had vanished. "Jackie," Lucy explained, "put the pearls in her purse in the top bureau drawer on Sunday. That afternoon we all went away."

(And Now Go with the Story)

HENRY was thinking hard, while Lucy talked. He seemed to have a strong and fresh preoccupation and turned a blade of grass about restlessly in his hand. Lucy watched the hands and was astonished at her own feeling towards them, so strong and long and clean and sensitive. They looked brave, too, she thought, reliable. How much hands can express of a man's quality.

"Well, he jerked his mind from whatever trail it had been following. 'What's being done?' Have you told your Aunt Judith?"

"Not yet. We're hoping we don't have to. As soon as the pearls turn up, Jackie is going to take them back."

"And your Aunt Lu?"

"Knows nothing... except that the pearls were given to Jackie."

"And that's enough to 'murder' sleep and send her in secret to a nerve specialist?"

"I should think it might be. You don't know, I suspect, how valuable and important the pearls are not just how Aunt Lu feels about me... she adores me."

"My opinion is... just speaking loosely... that there is entirely too much adoration running about the Heathstone and Highover plantations. Too much adoration and too much jealousy and too much emotional gunpowder of every sort."

Lucy contemplated this statement with an impartial air and finally announced, "I think you're right."

"Now, tell me, has your Aunt Lu a history of nervous illness?"

"No. She's always been very well. Aunt Judith's been the invalid."

"Aunt Lu has the look of nerves."

"But I don't think that means anything really."

"There's no possible feature or gesture or habit of any human being, my child, that means nothing. The belief in a woman's intuition is based upon her unemotional understanding of the above certainty. Hers is the slave psychology, a fearful watchfulness of every little trait that shows where blow the winds of her personal happiness."

"A woman's success in life has been... still is for the most, a matter of keen, instantaneous observation of such small facts and an immediate decision as to appropriate words or acts. It's expert ability. The blacks have something of the same power. They too can pick things out of the air. It's a trait every nerve specialist envies... unless he happens, by the grace of God, to possess it."

"But I hate to think about myself as an expert slave!"

"So must you hate it. So should you hate it, should you and every woman fight inner and outer principles and powers to free your souls. Slave psychology is woman's latest enemy because it has been her treacherous friend, closer than hands and feet."

THE masculine impersonal passion of Henry's thought and speech astonished Lucy into turning upon him her most eloquent gaze and saying with abruptness, "Then, why do you drive a car so badly? You have such wonderful hands."

He flushed, stared, worked his eyebrows. "You... you're rather good at that, haven't you? I don't know... exactly... unless it's because machinery bores me. I'm absent-minded about anything that bores me... and I was born and brought up with horses."

"I've lived pretty far off the beaten tracks, on a ranch I went to a far-western university. I can't get over feeling that the animal will take care of itself and me. Western ponies are so careful of themselves, you know."

"But... here he smiled with a most surprising sweetness and openness. "I'm terribly glad you noticed that and spoke about it. I rather thought you had the sort of absent-mindedness that comes of... lack of interest. I'm alone, I'm poor. I'm trying to get a start in a new place. I have a history I yearn to tell you... my uncle's too. This is the first time you've betrayed a symptom of personal interest in anything I've said."

"Why does your Aunt Lu run and twist her hands?"

"Lucy started, then thought. 'I didn't know she did. I never noticed it.'"

"Thanks," said Henry, as though he had what he wanted and stood up. "I'll keep your secret and you will keep mine. May I come to you again?"

"I hope you will."

They were now standing, face to face, their eyes seriously engaged. They seemed to balance between estrangement and an intimacy peculiarly profound and Lucy had a sense of strong discomfort and alarm.

"And you," he asked her in a stubborn voice, "will you come to me?"

The look in her eyes changed and her chin lifted. The gold-blazing hair slipped back and

"While I Waited," said Dr. Treyme. "Someone Came Out of the Room Opposite, Looked Anxiously Down at a Handful of Something and Furtively Left."

"O, Doctor," whispered Lucy. "It Was... Aunt Lu."

away from her throat. Delicately, remotely, she smiled. "I do want to see you but... I can't imagine needing your help."

His blunt face went scarlet and they returned in a condition of uncertainty and of constraint and made no arrangements for another interview.

But Henry did not, for all that, allow her to sink into a restless silence. Rather did he, more harshly than before, force her into speech, twist from her articulate revelations of her inner self and, all the while, he would not look at her. She began to feel invisible.

When she reached home and found herself, at last, alone in the quiet sunset-tinted hall, she thought she had never been so tired.

As she leaned there against the banister, Jackie called down to her, "O, Lucy, I just heard from Peter Wayne. He's coming tonight and bringing a French soldier, a perfectly wonderful fellow, with medals and things, on his way home after studying American plane construction. Peter says he's fascinating. Won't all the crowd that are coming tonight get the thrill of their young lives?"

"Peter is bringing him?" said Lucy. She began to review her dresses. There was the "new yellow" and the "old green." She did not, suddenly, feel tired at all.

It was the old green dress that Lucy wore but the adjective did not accent justice to its dryad gracefulness. Like all her frocks, however, designed and fashioned by the hand of an idolater, it accentuated Lucy's aura of apartness, so that, in combination with her own mold of single-hearted expectancy, it set her within the crystal ring Jackie had once contrived to break.

No girl, no matter how generous and popular, can be forever rounding up "attention" for another girl. Besides, Jackie was now entertaining, not her own friends but the new Philadelphia satellites. That evening, Lucy sat for the most part in her chosen window niche, alone.

Tranquilly she sat, head back, feet on the cushioned seat, knees lightly held in her two hands, watching the others, exchanging brief

phrases and smiles with hesitant fingers—phrases and smiles that far from being invitations were quite definitely a bid for solitude.

Her eyes seemed to be engaged in rhapsody but were really watchful for a motor light across the rain-slicked lanes and her ear was alert for the rising hum of an engine.

NOBODY, not even Jackie, as inwardly intent, but surrounded by a shouting clatter while she tried to get up from the floor, unaided by her hands, with a glass of water balancing on her forehead, knew so quickly that John had been summoned to the front door, that Peter Wayne and a stranger were at the threshold of their room. Then Jackie gave a cry, sprang to her feet, spilling the water.

Peter was performing introductions with that youthful air of being "proudly friendless."

Raoul de Thierne was one of the new Frenchmen, athletic, tall, with close cut dark hair, Viking blue eyes and a set of features as regular and sensuous as a woman's mouth of a proud girl, eyes of a conquering girl.

Even while he bowed to Jackie and the others, his hand groped for and found Peter's shoulder, pressed it, and he muttered rapidly in French, "Peter, that one... over there in the window... quick!"

Peter, astonished by his urgency, looked in that direction and with a strange fear shook saw Lucy. His eyes went swiftly from her to his friend and back. He started towards her with Raoul at his heels.

Eyes upon her face, voice hushed, Raoul said, "May I sit here, Miss Grange? May I be so honored?" And with a color of anyone, perhaps of disappointment, she made place

for him in the long window seat.

From that place, except to intercept Peter's attempt to bring her a glass of beer and a sandwich—"Excuse me, please. I am selfish."

"I have only a few hours—" he did not stir. Lucy held him by no further lure. Raoul did the talking.

He told her about his childhood in the south of France, about his parents, his sister, about his school, his longing to be an aviator, his training, his American experience, his friendship with Peter Wayne. "But he never told me about you... nor can I blame him for that."

He was swift, elegant, witty as few young Anglo-Saxons can be, as none of Lucy's acquaintances had ever been and, all the while, laughing or serious, his eyes hardly moved from her, but devoured her, bronze hair to sandal feet, in awe increasingly ill by a wild and hungry hope.

Peter looked three times at his wrist watch, called, "Hi there, Raoul, you've got to catch that plane," before de Thierne rose, bent down and laid a hand across Lucy's on the chintz-covered cushion. "Forgive me, Lucie, I plead that I am leaving to go very far away. My chance of seeing you again may be small. But I have seen you. What can I say now or feel or do? When a man has been privileged to look at true, high and perfect loveliness...?"

He left the rest unsaid but spoke eloquently in look and gesture. "Let me ask you please not to forget me. You are... not engaged in marriage?"

She shook her head. "Naturally I cannot ask you to wait for me. But I do ask you to think of me... Raoul de Thierne and to delay, O Lucie, delay your heart. Let it be cold and slow, waiting for me. If I return, if I do... I will come back to you as I am now. And meanwhile

(Continued on Page 15)

Columnist Louis Sobol Has His Attention Diverted by a Broadway Flashback to the Weird Sirens of Theda Bara's Day, Recalls Their Fantastic Roles, Now Turned Into Comedy—And Tells How Different Are the Less Dreadful Enchantresses Who Have Succeeded Them



I last saw Theda Bara in Hollywood, surrounded by four other nice-looking women. She was plainly dressed, as becomes a seductress.

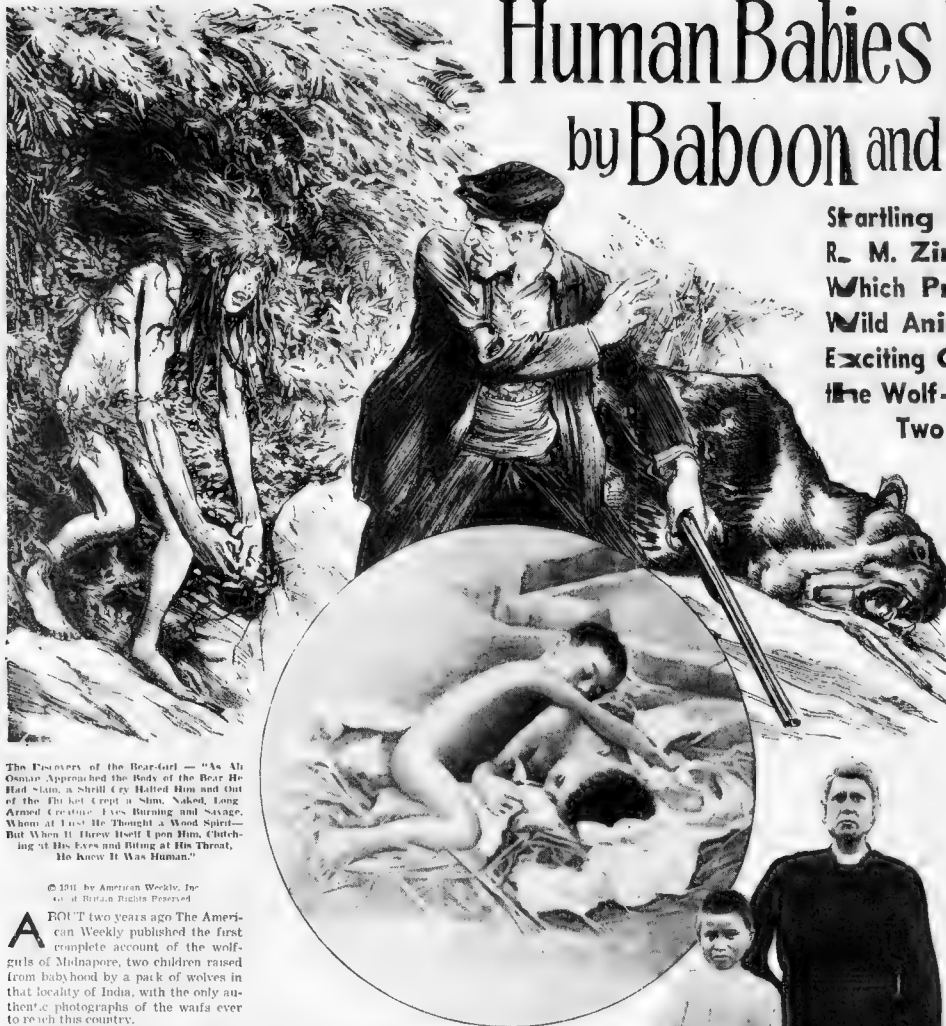
From "Experience," Nita stepped into the role of Dona Sol opposite the immortal Rudolph Valentino in Vicente Blasco Ibanez' "Blood and Sand." In Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments," she sank to what she considers her all time low—she became a physical leper as well as a moral one. Following which William DeMille borrowed Nita from his brother and presented her in a picture originally entitled "Rita Coventry" but which was later billed around the country as

Queen of the Old-Time Vamps—Theda Bara, With the Heavily Mascaraed Eyes, a Sinister Stare, and the Inevitable Gentleman Whose Prospects of Becoming a Skeleton Were Always Excellent.

A black and white photograph showing a human skeleton lying on a table. A person's hand is visible near the skeleton's head. The skeleton is positioned horizontally, with its head to the right and feet to the left. The ribcage and spine are clearly visible. The background is dark and indistinct.

Human Babies Brought Up by Baboon and Bear Mother

Startling Cases Investigated by
R. M. Zingg, Distinguished Anthropologist
Which Prove Children Can Be Raised
Wild Animals — And Which Add
Exciting Chapter to His Discoveries
The Wolf-Children of Midnapore, India
Two Years Ago in This Magazine



The Discoverer of the Bear-Child — "As Ah Omie Approached the Body of the Bear He Had slain, a shrill cry halted him and out of the thicket crept a slim, naked, long-armed creature, eyes blazing and savage. When at last he thought a wood spirit — But when it threw itself upon him, clutching at his face and biting at his throat, he knew it was human."

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ABOUT two years ago The American Weekly published the first complete account of the wolf-children of Midnapore, two children raised from babyhood by a pack of wolves in that locality of India, with the only authentic photographs of the wafers ever to reach this country.

The account, carefully compiled from a mass of evidence by Dr. Robert M. Zingg, Professor of Anthropology at the University of Denver, Colorado, aroused a widespread interest and was quoted by many publications, scientific as well as popular, both in this country and abroad. The story will soon be published in a fascinating book by Professor Zingg. To prove its perennial interest, the story has been revived again by scientific magazines and newspapers.

Professor Zingg has made the same careful search in what most people have believed a legendary and imaginative case—that of the baboon-children of Africa. The truth of the matter is now established, and it is no less remarkable than that of the wolf-children.

Since the "ape" is man's closest animal relative, a baby kidnapped and reared by these "poor cousins of humanity" would seem to have a chance for a better education than wolves could give it. But would it? The question is answered in this case of "Lukas," the wild boy, rescued from the band of South African baboons which also raised him from babyhood.

Lukas is still alive to tell the tale, but whether it was a strictly accurate tale depended on one thing: that he had in reality been rescued by the police from a band of apes.

Through the kindly influence of Dr. Raymond A. Dart, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, the police of South Africa investigated the matter and now confirmed it beyond doubt. Following are the details of the strange story.

IN 1904, Sergeant Venter and Lance Sergeant Hobson were riding on patrol in the Grahams-town District. Coming to the edge of a large clearing, they saw a band of baboons, playing and tumbling each other around like a lot of children.

Baboons are such destructive raiders of crops that most planters regard them as public enemy number one. The officers of the law expressed their disapproval of the long-nosed marauders by firing their pistols and charging at them. With speed and agility the band vanished—all but one laggard who moved so slowly that the officers thought the beast must be wounded.

Upon riding alongside to put the creature out of its misery, what was their astonishment to find not a baboon but a boy of about twelve or fourteen years, scampering somewhat clumsily on all fours. His hair was long and matted, his skin was

A Photograph of the Wolf-Children Asleep at the Mission in Animal Attitudes—They Lay Overlapping Each Other as Pigs or Puppies Do. Write the Rev. Mr. Smith, Who Took the Photograph, Which Was the First to Be Printed by This Magazine of These Strange Ways of Nature.

filthy and covered with innumerable scars. Seeing that he could not hope to escape from the speedy horses, the baboon-boy backed up to a tree; grinned and gave what seemed like a half-frightened, childish giggle.

But when one of the policemen approached within arm's reach, the giggle turned into a growl and the grin into a menacing showing of the teeth. It has been suggested that in this may be a clue to the mystery of human laughter. They dismounted to find the boy's four-footed shamble was not so inefficient as it looked. In fact he travelled so fast in and out of the brush that they could not keep up with him on foot.

One of them had to hold him at bay on horseback while the other followed on foot and grappled with him. The grappler, scratched and bitten, yelled for help.

The two had a lively time getting their small captive roped so that he could be slung on a horse. Even then he almost caused a runaway by biting the horse in the neck.

In a police cell at Grahamstown, he snarled and fought, like any newly-caught wild animal, drinking water but at first refusing all food. In this fury he was exactly like the wolf-children of Midnapore. In his mind as in the minds of the others, there was the same single idea, an overpowering desire to get back to their old life, the wolf-girls to their den, the baboon-boy to his ape friends.

The reason the baboon-boy, who was later named Lukas, declined to eat was not so much lack of appetite as dislike for police barrack's fare such as bread, meat and potatoes. He caught and ate flies and crickets in his cell and soon was accepting mealies and most any sort of raw fruit or berry.

Lukas was turned over to the local mental hospital where due note was taken of his disproportionately long arms. Some anthropologists would not believe that this could be caused by a few years of quadruped life, insisting that such a thing could only be brought about by centuries of evolution.

The hospital authorities soon realized that Lukas was not a mental case but a native boy who needed to be re-educated from baboon ways to



Photograph of the Rev. J. L. Singh With One of the Wolf-Girls Whom He Discovered; the Other Girl Died a Few Months After Her Capture.

those of human beings; and that an institution full of lunatics and feeble-minded was not the best school for him. The resentful little captive was therefore placed in the home of a Mr. Brure, one of the hospital's attendants, but sickness in the family made the wild boy too much of a problem so he was finally sent to the big farm owned by George H. Smith, near Kowie, South Africa.

Readers of the article on the wolf-children will remember that the Rev. J. L. Singh, a missionary, found the two girls while on a tiger-hunting expedition. His party saw three adult wolves and two cubs emerge from a den near Midnapore, India, followed by two strange creatures, one large and one small. The missionary prevented his hunters from shooting in time to realize the creatures were human. A week later he returned to the spot and captured the wolf-children. One was a girl about eight years old, the other girl was about a year and a half old. The youngest girl died soon after her capture. But Kamala, the survivor, lived to

the age of 17. It was difficult to train her to stand up straight, much less walk. The reason for Lukas' superiority over Kamala, seems to be that the wolf is an out-and-out, inextinguishable quadruped, whereas the baboon frequently rears up on its hind legs and some are taught to walk on two legs, and even carry a basket in their arms, just as the native Kafirs do.

It was Mr. Smith's idea that Lukas could be made into a sufficiently good farmhand, at least to earn his keep, but the boy had other ideas, at first. He did not want to wear clothes, wash himself, learn to talk or become house-broken, much less do any work.

His mind held just one ambition, to escape from these annoying captors whom he did not accept as his own kind and get back to his baboon friends—that was the life.

After being brought back, hungry and footsore from several attempts, he had the good sense to give up the idea of running away. Still he remained a bitter, sullen captive, refusing to change his ways until Mr. Smith resorted to corporal punishment.

This was the way the apes had taught him and he quickly learned what not to do. Next, dog-like, he learned the meaning of some words, but it was a long time before he tried to speak. Once he made the effort, speech came fairly fast in contrast to Kamala, the wolf's foster-child who, in about seven years, was able to speak only about 40 words and never learned to frame a sentence.

This, however, is not attributed to any vast conversational superiority of the baboon over the wolf so much as the generally superior intelligence of the ape, fitting an ape-child better for most anything.

EVENTUALLY Lukas learned to converse and tell the story of his life as well as it could be recalled. Due allowance must be made for the fact that he was the son of Kaffir parents, not very high in the scale of racial intelligence. He had no recollection of his own kidnapping nor anything earlier than crawling around with a band of baboons, in which there had been one special guardian, a female whom he had supposed to be his mother.

She taught him to forage for fruits, nuts, berries, bird's eggs and to turn over stones for certain bugs that were good to eat, but to avoid scorpions and snakes. Also he learned to catch flies on the wing but to notice how they flew and the kind of buzzing they made, so as not to make the mistake of grabbing a wasp.

Wild honey was the prize delicacy of all, but it was an expensive luxury which usually had to be paid for with a lot of painful stings. He had been on raids of plantations, and knew from the behavior of his elders and betters that this was an extra-hazardous way to fill one's stomach.

Plantations were haunted by two-legged creatures who made terrifying, explosive sounds, just as the police who caught him had done. Also these bipeds left food around that for some reason must not be touched until the "old man," leader of the band, had sniffed and tasted it carefully.

Why this should be so, he did not know, having no comprehension of poison.

The doctors at the mental hospital had observed that one of Lukas' legs showed evidence of being broken and apparently set by rather unskilled hands. From this they estimated that the boy must have been more than a baby when the baboons took him into the family.

But the boy remembered it all too well and said that it had happened only a few years before his rescue, as the result of a fall. For a long time afterward, he had crawled around on "three legs" and in considerable pain, according to his best guess, almost an entire Summer.

Neither he nor the baboons had attempted anything in the way of splints. The leg simply stopped aching after a while, and finally he found that he could use it again. How it could have set, all by itself, is a mystery.

His body was mottled with scars, large and small, but much the biggest one was on his scalp. He remembered that one, too. His baboon "mother" had given him no cautionary cuffs about birds, and he nor the baboons had a lot of fuss when he robbed a nest they never did anything serious about it. Always he had hoped to catch a bird and see if it was good to eat, but he never had a ghost of a chance until one unlucky day he awoke from a noon-day nap under a bush to see an ostrich approaching.

Lukas realized that an ostrich was an outrageously big bird—but still it was a bird and there-

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A Photograph of
"Lukas" the
Baboon-Boy, Now
Almost Entirely
Rehumanized by
Farm Life. Repro-
duction of Photo-
graph by Permis-
sion of The Star,
Johannesburg.

fore harmless so why not grasp this golden opportunity? With a flying tackle from ambush he seized one of the most powerful pairs of legs that walk this earth. The bird broke the boy's grip as easily as if it had been a spider's web, and then streaked over the veldt with the speed of a railway train. But first it delivered a parting kick which fortunately struck Lukas a glancing blow or it would have removed his head entirely.

When the over-ambitious youngster recovered consciousness, he had learned all he needed to know about ostriches. He was not half as scared when the police on horseback, even with their terrifying guns, caught him. But if they had been ostriches.

LUKAS became a valuable farmhand, honest, hard-working and reliable except for one slight defect. He had no sense of time whatever.

If Mr. Smith wanted him to begin in the morning on the same job where he left off the night before, he must find Lukas and lead him to the work.

Once started he may labor steadily until the next meal-time, to which he comes without being fetched because he hears the dinner bell.

On the other hand, especially after the heavy noonday meal, he is quite likely to sit down under a tree and snooze till awakened by the supper bell.

However, on nights of the full moon when he does not sleep well, Lukas often gets up and wanders around the farm.

If he happens on his wanderings to find a hoe in a cabbage patch, he may pitch in and hoe industriously until he hears the breakfast bell.

Mr. Smith gave him a wrist watch and, though he kept it running and can tell time, it had no more effect on his actions than if it had been strapped on the wrist of a baboon.

Lukas, now a small man in his early forties, though shy and inclined to keep by himself, has all desire to return to the wild. Though glad to feed all the other animals on the place, he dislikes a captive baboon so much that he refuses to have anything to do with it.

He is supposed to be the son of a Kaffir widow who lived in a village far from where the police captured him. The woman left her baby, then about six months old, at the end of a mealie patch she was weeding. The infant was crying from "colic" or something when she set it down and it continued to cry for some time.

When the cries ended in a scream of terror

the mother hurried back to find her baby gone.

It is said that she visited the mental hospital but when Lukas flew at her tooth and nail, she waived all maternal claims on the wild youngster.

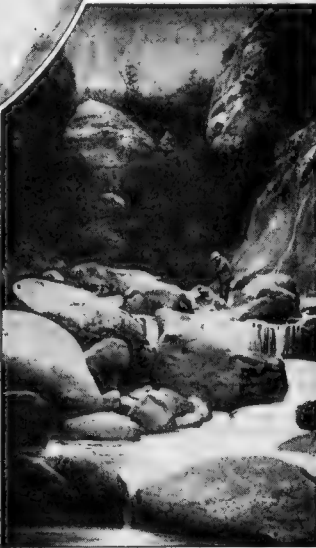
The young and helpless whelps of most all animals seem to have an appeal to full-grown ones of other species. Unless hungry, even the fiercest of carnivorous beasts, after killing the parents, will usually sniff the young ones over and leave them unharmed.

They may feel the same instinct to take the young ones home and make pets of them, as moves human beings to do it. If so the males seem always to resist the temptation and so do the females except mother animals who have just lost their own young and yearn to be a wet nurse to some sort of substitute. Presumably the female who educated Lukas in baboon ways was the one who kidnapped him.

Every few years someone thinks he has disposed of all cases of adoption of human babies by animals. He points out that the milk supply of a wolf or ape cannot last to the weaning period of the human infant. So indeed it cannot but the cases of animal adoption are now beyond dispute and therefore there remains only to explain the mystery.

Some have suggested that ape or wolf milk conditions a human baby for earlier weaning. The famous naturalist Buffon describes this detail of the wolf's domestic life as follows:

"The wolf suckles them (the whelps) for some



The Wild Den in Which the Baboon Mother Brought Up Lukas and Which Was Occupied by Other Members of Her Baboon Troop. G. H. Smith, on Whose Farm the Boy Lived, Is Shown in the Photograph Which Is Reproduced by Permission of The Star, Johannesburg.

weeks and teaches them

betimes to eat flesh, which she prepares for them by chewing it first herself. It is not, however, until they are about ten or twelve months old and till they have shed their first teeth and completed the new that the

dam thinks them in a capacity to shift for themselves."

Also, it has been pointed out that before mothers gave milk they gave blood to their offspring. It is not impossible that a baby can be weaned from human mother's milk, to wolf mother's milk, to blood of freshly-killed prey, to solid meat that had been pre-chewed by the wolf.

There is Captain Marryat's story of the baby kept alive by sucking blood from the cut finger of a member of the crew. Sir James Frazer, in his "Golden Bough" asserts that some savage tribes still substitute blood for milk. The real answer is that nobody can force by what slippery and flimsy grips a creature will manage to cling to life, until necessity puts it to the test.



Finding of the
Baboon-Boy—
"Hyenas, Wolves
and Other
Savage Beasts
Must Often Have
Menaced the
Child and Its
Mother as She
Crouched in Her
Den, Feeding
This Strange and Hairless Human Baby, as the Legend Says Romulus
and Remus, the Founders of Rome, Were Fed, But Always the Mother's
Strength—Even a Foster-Mother's—Proved Too Much
for These Primitive Perils."

No one could have foretold that a frail girl child, stolen by a she-bear as a baby, could have withstood the rigorous climate of Mount Olympus for eight years and lived the life of a wild beast. Yet, that is what happened.

It WAS in 1937 that Ali Osman and his friend Bahri climbed Mt. Olympus to shoot one of the bears that infest the region. Ali shot a tremendous she-bear, but as he drew near the carcass his friend Bahri let out a bloodcurdling cry. What Ali saw he describes thus:

"Growing and spitting, a naked wood spirit leaped forward from the thicket and rushed towards me. It was standing upright but stooped in walking. When it reached me it threw itself on me with a howl of rage. It attacked me with teeth and nails and tried to bite through my throat. Finally I forced the creature down and saw the 'wood spirit' was nothing but a little girl with abnormal strength."

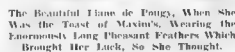
"My friend and I bound the child with our belts and saw that not far from the place where we had killed the bear its lair showed conclusive proof that

(Continued on Page 17)

(Continued from Page 5)

THEY ARE LOGGED

restaurant was called Maxime's.

[illegible]

A Cartoon of Eugene

and I found a little girl, a poor little thing of fifteen or so who didn't know where to go or what

didn't know where to go or what to do. She was a French girl, an orphan and she had been work-

ing for the Italian Imoda, as a
servant badly paid and under-
nourished Maxime Gaillard and

Government
to Make the
Restaurant

a Rendezvous for International

"But Gaudard, unfortunately, died after a few months. The restaurant was kept going, but

did not do especially well. Then Madame Gaillard decided that in some pa
he only way to make a real very shrew

success of the place was to take

trained and under strict discipline and these young

and I, in turn, shall report to you.'

"Cornuche had no trouble in

From the very beginning, Maxim's had an atmosphere of its own. Maxim's has always a

"Before she met him, she used to come here every night, and

(Continued on Page 20)

(Continued on Page 20)

Do you know this

DO YOU KNOW
that there's a completely new Ford ride this year... so soft, smooth and quiet that many call it the biggest advance in riding comfort in *any car at any price?*

DO YOU KNOW
that this year's big,
good-looking Ford
V-8 is one of the
few 1941 cars at any
price that is com-
pletely *new* in style,
inside and out from
grille to tail-light?

DO YOU KNOW that the hydraulic brakes on the Ford, with their 12-inch drums and 162 sq. in. lining area, are bigger than the brakes on any other car in its price field?



A circular ribbon seal with a scalloped edge. The text inside the seal reads "GLASS WINNER" in a bold, sans-serif font, with "9944" written in smaller text below it.

DO YOU KNOW
that the 90 hp Ford
V-8—the only 8-
cylinder car in its
field—gave *best* gas
mileage in its price
class in this year's
Gilmore-Grand Can-
yon Economy Run?

DO YOU KNOW that this year's big Ford has the greatest actual passenger space in its whole field... as much as seven inches greater width across the front seat than it had last year... a wider rear seat than some of America's *highest-priced* 1941 cars give you?



BUY YOUR NEW CAR ON '41 FACTS AND YOU'LL BUY A '41 FORD!



"You Do Trust Me, a Little—
Don't You, Daddy Dear?"
Said Lucy, as Ralph Took
Her in His Arms

(Continued from Page 10)

I told you in my own way.
He bent down. The ever-
burning blue in his eyes
seemed actually to glow as he
looked into her eyes.
"I have a gift for you," he said.
"You will be here in my mind when I am
mother's face, the green
places along the river with all
these things. Mom then said I am
leaving you. Don't speak, my
angel, just look at me with your
darling young eyes. Will they re-
member?" It is terrible, I feel so
quietly what I feel tonight."

Many an American girl of
Lucy's age and background
would have laughed or cried, but
of his extravagance but Lucy
had had a long experience in
this. She had heard that de-
Theodore had said. She said there
depressed, curiously himself, of-
fering nothing but himself but an
acceptance of his sacrifice. He
was in a truth quite able, with
just the added touch of her
sternly needed half-conscious
sense of duty.

Lucy said to herself, from
her made his forehead, looking
grave and pale. Peter came up
to her, holding her an amused
goodbye. "I haven't been
able to get close enough to say
much more than how do you
know and then I was inter-
rupted by the other, anxious
congratulation. Hardly able to
wait for the other questions
congratulation."

Lucy had suddenly come alive
for them under the blaze of the
beams' adoration. Her beauty
had revealed its reason.
But she was thinking bitterly.
"A wretched evening. When will I
see Peter again."

LUCY did not recognize the
symptoms of her complaint,
yet were those whom com-
monly celebrated as a
story. She thought of him in
the distance. And dreamed of
him by night.

She lay wide-awake on her pillow
at pale midnight hours and
I indulged her imagination in long
and quite unimportant interviews
with Peter. Where he
dressed him with her intellectual
in Harry and he was a su-
perman understanding of her
true and secret self.

These scenes brought her
always in a place of mind of firm-
ness yearning which sometimes
drove actual tears in her eyes.
She did wonder some-
times as she went vaguely about
whether anyone looked behind
those lushly smiling, beautiful
discreet a perpetual reflection of
that arrogant Wayne had those
rich and guarded eyes.

So absorbed was she, so con-
stant to be absorbed and so re-
tent as to the cause of her
absorption that she interrupted
unreasonably annoyed her non-
more so than a peremptory sum-
mons from young Dr. Trent.
"Please make it possible to drop
in at my office after five p. m."
It was very important, "p. m."
before she had time for joy or
nay.

Yet so passive and detached
was her mood that at half-past
four she got into her car, as
though acting upon hypnotic sug-
gestion, and obeyed the summons.

Henry's office occupied one
half of the ground floor of an
old-fashioned stone house stand-
ing back of a turreted yard and a
picket fence in a row of private
dwellings that had survived in an
otherwise solid business block.
Lucy went through a gate, up a
garden path, across a porch and
entered, according to Dr. Trent's
sign, Dr. Trent's waiting room,
gay, cleaner and emptier than
any other room she had hereto-

fore seen and where the doctor
sprang upon her from his private
office, rather like a spider upon
gluing in a embarrassed prey.

An attractive spider, however.
Lucy thought all that was best
and finest in his strange head
seeming to be accentuated by his
white linen uniform and grave,
professional carriage.

He was the cleanest young
man in the world she devoted, his
very blood shone ruddy and im-
maculate through its healthy
turgid and the eyes, brilliant
and narrow, were deep, like
slender windows in a well-
kept sunny house.

"Good. Please come in here
sit down."

He sat down. It was the usual
padded chair in full light from
a tall, unshaded window. Not
only had a face so trimly re-
ceived that luminance now multi-
plied by the drawing in of a
vain summer dusk.

HENRY stood before his desk,
leaning over his work, his
hands. Until now he had seemed
to her a true calm, being so
lovely. "You say of her Phila-
delphian acquaintances. Here
and now he was distinctly, if
pleasantly, formidable.

"No," said Lucy, laying her
long hands against her frock.
"You are my host and it's up to
you to entertain me."

"Well, I have a story to tell
which will interest you. First,
have the detective spotted any
suspect for the pearl-theft?"

"No."

"Tell them to give it up, the
case is the better for everyone's
peace of mind. I know who took
the pearl."

"You know?"

"Yes. You said the other day
that everyone was out there Sun-
day afternoon. I was in. That
is, I called at Highover and John
asked me to wait while he made
some tea 'till the ladies had gone
out."

"Don't tell me you took the
pearl?" cried Lucy amazed.

"I'm greatly astonished
every man has laugh about as
an adult laugh against his best
attempts at the absurdities of a
child."

"No, dear. But, while I was
out in that room to the right
of the front door, someone came
quietly out of the room opposite
to cross the hall. This some-
one looked all about then an-
swered down at a handful of
something and furtively left."

"O, doctor, who?"

Lucy's hands rose slowly until
they pressed each against a
cheek. In this frame, wonder and
also a little actual beauty man-
ifest. "I do. I have... guessed,"
she whispered. "It was... Aunt Lu."

It, has been made to suffer
deceitfully.

"There's a bit of the slave of
course in the souls of these out-
fitters. Sometimes it seems as if
the tyrant and the slave are all
awafted together. Now you
are a beautiful tyrant and have
secretly let Miss Lu worship you
— don't you put it like that?

ALL this while he had been
looking down at his hands.
Now he set a stern gaze upon
her. "In telling you the truth
you have graciously and warmly
allowed me to worship you."

Lucy shrugged and waved her
hand, expressing, "Have it your
own way, Dictator." There was
color in her face.

"And for me too or dimini-
tion of your kingdom, your power
and your glory," he went on,
withdrawing his relentless visual
sight. "Miss Lu suffers like the
victim of wax—image—magic,
waiting in slow fire."

"You're so picturesque," said
Lucy with one of her surprising
turns towards irony.

This is a picturesque situa-
tion. Miss Lu has never worn
the Grange pearls. She would
never be allowed to wear them.
They couldn't be worn. But an-
other Lucy Grange could and
would wear them and grace them
very well indeed, better than even
the beautiful tyrant Judith.

SELECTED FICTION

There was a change in his voice
and in his expression of which he
was probably quite unaware.
For an instant he looked like the
homeless school boy when his
mother says goodbye to him after
the terribly brief rapture of his
visit.

"Yes, right away. It's a ter-
rible thing because I know Aunt Lu
is out. It's her afternoon at the
Old Ladies' Home. Besides, I
she gets the thing off her chest.
Aunt Lu may be able to sleep
well tonight, poor darling."

Henry followed her in the front
door. It was a fearful thing to
be in a room after you
— I know what you mean. I'm af-
raid, realistic. I take love and
worship and sacrifice for
granted."

"If anything should happen to
you, if anything should happen to
spoil your loveliness."

She stepped and went ghost-
white. "What... what do you
mean?"

He was amazed by the effect
upon her of his suggestion. Her
hand had moved up against her
throat. Her eyes were black and
enormous.

"You mean she altered," if
(Continued on Page 18)

FATAL GIFT

There was a change in his voice
and in his expression of which he
was probably quite unaware.
For an instant he looked like the
homeless school boy when his
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the terribly brief rapture of his
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upon her of his suggestion. Her
hand had moved up against her
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enormous.

"You mean she altered," if
(Continued on Page 18)

JUST FOR TELLING WHY YOU LIKE PALMOLIVE!

FREE \$2,500.00 in CASH PRIZES!

180 HAPPY WINNERS!

IMAGINE—THE THRILL OF
WINNING THE GRAND PRIZE—
\$500,000 ALL YOURS!
EVERY DAY—A NEW
OPPORTUNITY TO WIN!

30 DAILY CONTESTS

\$500.00 FIRST PRIZE EACH DAY!

FIVE \$50.00 PRIZES EACH DAY!

PLUS \$500,000 GRAND PRIZE!

WIN! READ THESE PALMOLIVE POINTERS!

1. There will be 30 daily contests, each with separate list of prizes, one of cash, Monday through Friday, from May 19 through June 1.

2. Entries received up to and including May 18, will be entered in the first daily contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each daily contest on a second basis for the June 25th contest must be postmarked before midnight June 2, and received by July 11.

3. To enter, simply complete the sentence "I like Palmolive Soap because..." in 25 additional words or less. Write your own reason for liking Palmolive. Tell us how Palmolive helps your complexion stay soft, smooth. About baby's or your bath. A simple statement like this may win! "I like Palmolive Soap because it's made with olive and palm oils... its lather is gentle and thorough cleansing... a grand beauty treatment that helps keep my skin smooth, soft."

EVERY WEEKDAY, A NEW CONTEST... 30 contests all told! 30 different opportunities to enter and win! Every day, big or big prize, reaching \$50 bills, the big prize of \$500... plus an opportunity to win the \$50,000 Grand Prize! Get Mother, and Dad, and the whole family to enter this contest. Just 25 words will win \$5,000. Why not yours?

Get started now. Fill in the free entry blank and mail today.

4. Mail to Palmolive, Dept. N-949, Jersey City, N. J. Enter these contests as often as you like. Attach one blank card from a cake of the new, baroque Palmolive Soap or if you prefer, the blank cards from these regular-size cakes of Palmolive Soap in each entry on envelopes.

5. Cash prizes in each daily contest are: First Prize of \$50 and 5 Second Prizes of \$25 each. The winner of the Grand Prize of \$500,000 will be selected from the winners of \$500 prizes.

6. Entries will be judged for originality of thought, clarity of expression. Fancy entries will not count extra. The judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Entries, contents, and ideas thereon become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company. No return required.

7. Any resident of Continental United States, or Hawaiian Islands, may enter, except employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, their advertising agencies and their families. Contests subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.

8. The winner of Palmolive's Grand Prize will be announced shortly after the close of the last contest on Palmolive's radio program on Columbia Stations. Daily first prize winners will be announced shortly after the close of each contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete list of prize winners will be mailed on request after July 31st.

ENTER NOW! READ HOW EASILY YOU MAY WIN ONE OR MORE OF THESE 30 THRILLING CONTESTS... CONTESTS NOW OPEN... ENTER TODAY... EVERY DAY THRU JUNE 27th!

"\$5,000... all mine!" What happiness, if your entry wins the grand \$5,000 prize in Palmolive's easy, exciting contests. Every day, there's a first prize of \$500... to make someone happy! Five \$50 prizes, each, too.

We want you to try Palmolive... Look for the natural olive color... it tells you Palmolive is made with olive and palm oils... the real old blend used for any leading soap. No other leading soap is made with these healthy aids... yet Palmolive costs you no more. No wonder Palmolive is the world's leading beauty soap! With less than Palmolive Soap will do for you?

New man-size, bath-size Palmolive! Yes, Palmolive now comes in an extra-large, longer-lasting bath-size cake. Watch menfolk grab for big new Palmolive... it's MAX-SIZE! Its thick, quiet lather makes bathing luxurious.

FOR EACH CONTEST ENTRY RECEIVED, WE WILL GIVE ONE OF PALMOLIVE'S NEW DONATE: Is a Girl Scout National Headquarters plus if to the local Girl Scout troop in your community. If needed.

BIG CASH PRIZES, TOO! By supplying one entry blank the local Girl Scout troop, you may help the Girl Scouts of your community.

ONE DOUBT? FRIENDS? PAWLED! BE SURE TO ENTER... IT'S UP TO YOU!

RADIO

For contest news and hints on winning, listen to Easy Johnson on Palmolive's radio program, every Monday through Friday. See your local newspaper for time and station.

FREE ENTRY BLANK

"I like Palmolive Soap because..."

Complete the above sentence in 25 additional words or less.

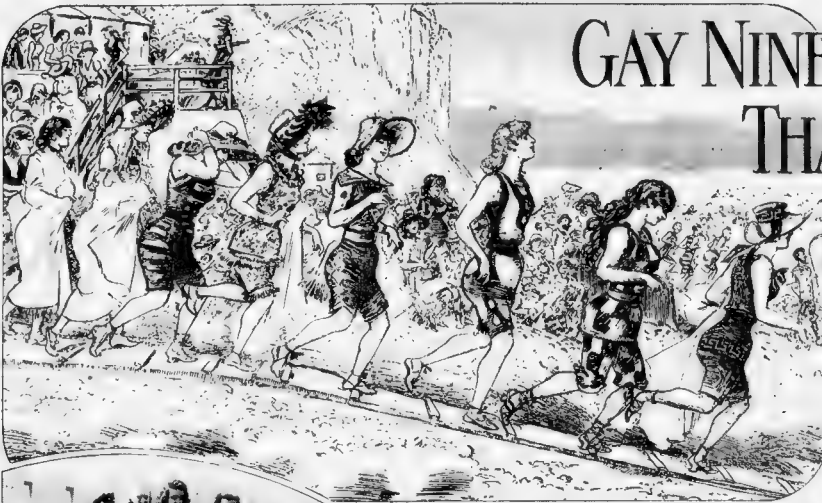
Palmolive, Dept. N-949, Jersey City, N. J.
Here is my entry. I enclose one blank card from the new, bath-size Palmolive—or the blank cards from three regular-size cakes of Palmolive.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Credit Local Girl Scout Troop No. _____ City _____

15

GAY NINETES GUESSES THAT CAME TRUE

They Were Made by a
French Artist Whose 50-
Year-Old Predictions Prove
That He Understood Women



Almost Half a Century Ago the French Forecaster of Women's Part in the World Was Very Amusing, and Fantastic, When He Predicted Women as Soldiers. He Privately Believed That the Members of the Fair Sex Belong in the Home and That They Were Entitled to Bear Arms But the Recent Photograph, Below, Reveals How Right His Comic Guess Was. It Was Taken in London and Shows the Countess of Athlone Inspecting an Ambulance Unit of English Women Ready for Action.



The Photograph Above Was Taken in California and It Is the Fulfillment of the Pleasantry Sarcastic Sketch at the Top of the Page. This Picture Was Drawn in the 1890's by the Then Famous French Illustrator A. Robida, Who Was Half-Joking When He Predicted That Women Would Parade in Public in scanty bathing suits.

JUST before the turn of the century, in the era of the bustle and the pompadour, few artists in France had a greater or a more varied following than a man who called himself A. Robida. Most of his work was a good draughtsman who could do as well as the best of us with a pencil subject when he turned his pen to it. But mostly he was a comic and a satirist, and his sketches of the modern world were very amusing.

Some of his women he made heavy and militaristic. He showed them in parade with flags flying and guns in hand. One such picture is shown on this page and got many a guffaw out of the Parisians who saw it in one of their magazines almost half a century ago.

It is said that Robida didn't actually believe that the profession of arms ever would appeal to women, or that they would be any good in warfare. But his picture of feminine soldiers has come to be true as another of the photographs on this page attests.

The French cartoonist never saw a pterosaur because there weren't any such things on his day but, apparently, he had the notion in the back of his head that the time would come when the winged and the gawwle would no longer suffer. He predicted with accuracy that public dancing eventually would shake off the shackles of decorum. In short, he called the turn of the century "the age of the 'gawwle' 'gawwle' 'gawwle' and their ilk."

Even those pagans of pulchritude more popularly known as bathing beauty contests were in his prophetic imagination during the days when it was all a woman's reputation was worth for her to appear on the beach with her netter limbs unshackled. Even in France the notion that the fair sex wore at the seaside were baggy and ruffled ensembles that left a great deal to the imagination and did little to augment the vacationing public with the form divine.

The big drawing at the top of the page shows Monsieur Robida's guess about the bathing beauty contest which has become a popular institution since his time. He was surprisingly accurate although he did not forecast the streamlined, one-piece bathing suits that, except in the minds of prudish Victorian citizens, are making the world a better place to live in.

During his lifetime the French illustrator made hundreds of sketches on the order of those reproduced on this page. He foresaw the time when "decadent" women would be able to enter business and the professions on a par with men. With equal clarity he visioned



The Funny and Far-Sighted Monsieur Robida Even Called the Turn on Ditties, 50 Years Before "Hop Cat" Got "in the Groove." His Drawing, at the Left, Made Frenchmen Laugh Back in the Gay Nineties, But None of Them Believed That the Day Ever Would Come When Women, Outside the Theater, Would Wear Form-Revealing Outfits and Shake a Spirited Leg With Their Boy Friends in Public Places. The Photograph Below, Recently Taken at Miami, Florida, Shows That Robida Hit the Future Right on the Nose.

the day when women would stand at the bar with their boy friends and toss off their cocktails and highballs without being suspected of belonging in that category of womanhood which the French delicately describe as "demi-mondaine."

He made another good guess with his picture of women going in for strenuous sports. At a time when a girl was looked upon as a shameless tomboy if she did anything athletically more violent than tapping a shuttlecock with a light racket, he had the girls in his pictures boxing, wrestling, leaping over hurdles and otherwise taking a fling at the strenuous life.

Most of the Frenchmen of the late 19th century thought M. Robida was very funny, but few of them expected his cartoons to come true during his lifetime. To them he was a wit, not a prophet.

No museum seems to have taken the trouble to collect these Gay Nineties predictions of what the world was going to be like today, but it is said that many private collectors are paying a good price for old magazines in which Monsieur Robida's cartoons are to be found.



Even the Broad-Minded French Artist of the Nineties Would Be Surprised If He Could See the Outfit That the Girl Wore When They Go "Bug Cutting" and How Much of Their Spirited Figures Are Revealed to the Spectator's Eye.



Became A Celebrity By Mending Eggs

LISHED among casualties of a recent air raid in England was William Candy, of Cheltenham. To most people he is just another "name," but to many scientists and collectors who will mourn his death, he was something more, for with him was lost one of the most unique traces in existence.

Candy was probably the only man in the world who mended eggs for a livelihood. Not the common barnyard variety, but priceless eggs of extinct birds, which, when accidentally broken, were sent to him from every quarter of the globe to be repaired. He mended together an emu's egg that had been smashed into a hundred pieces and it looked like new. Several specimens of his handiwork may be seen in the British Museum.

The eggs of extinct birds have a value to the naturalist and collector that is enormous.

Probably the great auk, or gawwle, is a more famous name than any other extinct bird. Its eggs being on exhibition in several museums. There are in existence only 58 of these eggs, of which America possesses three—one at Washington, one at Vassar College and one at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.

The specimen at the National Museum in Washington, purchased in 1851 for about \$100, has increased in value more than ten times. A private collector in North London is said to have paid the largest price yet given for one of these eggs, close to \$2,000.

Many auk eggs have interesting stories connected with their discovery and sale. In 1872 two were purchased at a sale in Edinburgh for \$4 each. They sold a little later for \$2,400. Another specimen, bought for \$200, went to an American collector for \$500.

The great auk lived in several parts of northern Europe, in Labrador, and off the southwest coast of Ireland, where it bred in quantities on the gawwle shores. Audubon says that it was fairly plentiful in Newfoundland and about Nahant, Massachusetts. It measured about three feet in length,

was black on the back, white underneath, and had a large beak. Its wings were so small that they were absolutely useless for flying, though they were a help in swimming. The eggs were approximately five inches long by two to three inches wide, and weighed between two and three pounds.

The moa was a gigantic bird of New Zealand, which probably became extinct about the time Columbus discovered America. The legends among the Maori regarding them and the finding of their remains were first known in 1838. One of the eggs was found in the grave of a Maori chieftain where for centuries it had lain unbroken. It measured six and a half by five and a half inches, and was greenish in color. The value of such a find is absolutely beyond price.

The bird commonly known as the roc was the argymna, sometimes confused with the moa. It is not believed to have survived to the time of man. Its habitat was Madagascar, where many of its huge eggs have been secured from the drifting sands of the southern portion of the island. They are about nine by 15 inches in size, or double that of ostrich eggs which the roc probably resembled. There is a specimen in the British Museum, which had been broken and restored by Mr. Candy. Like the eggs of the moa, it is impossible to estimate the value of such a rarity as it is not offered for sale and, therefore, has no market price.

The eggs of the white booby are collected in the very rarely offered for sale. Most of them are in museums. This bird lived on the coast of New Zealand, and has long been extinct. The eggs are valued by authorities at from \$500 upward.

The aptornis is another extinct New Zealand bird. Its eggs are rare, and a specimen would bring from \$1,000 up, if one could be found for sale.

Of all the birds now in existence the ostrich lays the largest egg, but relative to its size the kiwi, a strange, wingless New Zealand species of ostrich, is the champion, with an egg not less than five inches long.

Startling Cases Proving That Human Babies Can Be Reared By Wild Animals

(Continued from Double Page)

a human being had shared the lodging of the beast over a period of years.

Our captive was exhausted and offered no resistance as he brought her to the Harkness Hospital where she has been living.

The girl's identity was never discovered and Turkish doctors wonder if they can ever make her human again. She is now thirteen years old and it was only recently that she smiled. She has not learned to walk for any long period of time. She will stand from time to time to reach something, just as her foster-mother, but she runs, walks and climbs on all four.

The girl now lives with other children in the hospital, though at first she was kept alone and out-of-doors because she attacked all who came near her. Little by little she has ceased to be a beast but without becoming a human being. Hospital authorities devised a method of bringing her into contact with other children, in the hope she will learn to speak from them.

Hunger taught her to take human diet. During the first few months of her "captivity" she refused cooked food, but was gradually weaned to partly cooked food.

PERHAPS the most unlikely animal to act as foster-parent of a human child is the wolfish pig, yet there is a surprisingly long list of such cases. Nearly all these pig-educated boys and girls were of a lower mentality even than the wolf-children, so that they could never be made to reveal the history of their adoption, even if they remembered it. One boy, known as "Clemens of Overdyke," was adopted sufficiently late and returned to human life sufficiently soon to give an account and a clue to the other cases.

Only a student of the history of the times can visualize the background in which one of the epidemics of animal adoption occurred in Germany. After the Napoleonic wars, most of the German-speaking peoples had been reduced to a level of devastation and poverty far worse than that of the Russian peasant today.

The country was full of abled-bodied men and women on the verge of starvation, begging unsuccessfully from those who had nothing to spare, stealing at night from the few fields that were being cultivated and always ready to turn robber, when chance offered itself.

Also, there was a scattered army of homeless, orphaned children, filthy, diseased little beggar-thieves who failed at both of these undertakings and could not hope to be handled.

These wretches groped around the forests and meadows, mostly dying of starvation and exposure. To them, anything in the way of food and shelter was acceptable, and the pigs in their sties, with the assurance of daily food seemed to have achieved an enviable social security.

A few persons, who still had some means, managed to help a little by opening asylums here and there, such as that of Count von Recke's at Overdyke. A boy, apparently around the age of 12, bleeding, almost naked, scratched and scoured, but very badly undernourished, was found and taken to the Overdyke Orphanage. At first he gave only animal grunts but, persistent, kindly questioning at last brought out two facts that could be understood.

He came from the "other side of some water" and his name was "Dirty Thier." Since he had appeared on St. Clemens' Day he was renamed Clemens. No sooner was he released from the questioning ordeal than he crawled on all fours into the salad garden, where he rooted around pulling up and eating things. Just like a pig, he refused to stop, he stood up, sniffed the air, and following his nose, went straight to the kitchen, where he put his head into the pigpen into which he started to climb.

He wept bitterly when they dragged him away.

Clemens and the other orphans regarded each other with instinctive dislike and suspicion, and it was not long before the others ganged up on the newcomer. It seems that he had justified his name of "Dirty Thier" by stealing some of their humble personal treasures.

Stealing is one thing that no children, rich or poor, will tolerate and after a few such beatings Clemens learned that it was not such a good idea as it had seemed. Their mimicking of his uncouth grunts caused the young-

ster to improve his speech until he was soon able to give a connected account of himself. It began with a vague recollection of living in a house with a father and mother.

Then the father went away and the mother cried until one day a great lot of men came making a fence, and Clemens, the littlest of them, was left away with the boys, who did not want to go. He was brought around from farm to farm, sometimes getting a meal and a place to sleep, even though before they drove him on his way to the next place.

How long this period of wandering lasted nobody was able to make much of a guess but it finally came to a pause at a farm, somewhere the other side of some water. Here his arrival had caused a heated argument between the peasant and his dog on one side who were for chasing the visitor off the premises, and on the other the wife and the children who wanted to let the poor wretch stay.

The result was a compromise, in which the boy wayfarer was permitted to remain and act as a swineherd, in return for food and the right to sleep in the hay of the barn.

But the barn caught fire. This was blamed on Clemens and after that he was compelled to sleep with his charges, the pigs. Things began to disappear around the farm, in spite of the fact that the swineherd was forbidden to enter any of the buildings and the farmer chastened him "Dirty Thier."

The peasant grew more and more angry at the boy's forbade his wife or family to go near him on any pretext and finally, in the hope no doubt that it would make him run away, stopped giving him any food.

Clemens had to compete with the pigs for the garbage and scraps that were poured into the trough, and though the animals tolerated this new competition, it was not enough for the boy.

He learned to get milk from a mother sow and to forage in the fields where he had been taught carefully that he and his pigs must never enter. Occasionally being caught in these piffling increased his unpopularity with the peasant who was having a hard enough time to get a living.

The end of the child's pig-sty career came when he was caught in the kitchen, devouring the family's precious ham loaf. For this the infuriated farmer gave Clemens such a beating that he went wandering again for a few weeks until the Overdyke Orphanage took him in.

It is the theory of those who have studied the pig-children that the sight of a human child taking refuge in the degradation of a pig-sty among the most contemptible animals of the farm was too much even for the hardest heart. The Swine-gut of Saltburg and probably many other similar cases are believed to have taken sanctuary in a pigsty and been allowed to remain there and live as pigs.

Clemens became a fairly decent young man, except when scolded for his many capricious fits which sometimes made him fly into paroxysms of rage. In one of these he seized an axe and tried to kill a kindly old man whom he had just persuaded to take him out of the asylum and into the man's home.

When the authorities came to take him away Clemens viewed their approach with a sullen frown. Suddenly he grinned, jumped up and began to dance much to everyone's surprise. The reason was that his keen ear had caught the notes of a distant bugle and, as always, at the sound of music he was impelled to jump up and jig.

Though unable to learn to read or write he easily caught a tune by ear and seems to have had the makings of a musician.

ANOTHER Overdyke case was the bird-boy who slept in the forest by day and approached human habitations only by night to steal food. The youngster was quite an ornithologist and, though he could scarcely utter an intelligible syllable of human speech when captured, he had named all the birds in the vicinity, not by words but by whistle; imitating their calls so well that they usually answered him and sometimes would flutter close to him.

The bird-boy certainly was not adopted him. If anything, it was the other way around. He had learned to climb trees with monkey-like agility and eat the eggs from the most inaccessible nests. He became fairly well adapted to human ways but, at the end of his life, his chief recreation was to rob nests and eat the eggs raw.

German annals are quite full of

wolf-children, at least two fairly authentic cases being recorded as early as the fourteenth century. Wilhelm Dilich, historian of the Landgraviate of Hesse, mentions that.

"In the year 1341 a wild child of about seven, or as others write, about twelve years of age, was found among wolves and captured by hunters and brought to the Landgraviate. It ran sometimes on all fours and was able to jump extraordinarily. When they tried to tame it in the castle, it would dash away from people and hide itself under benches. After a short time it died because it could not stand human food."

Though nothing is said in this brief account as to whether the child could speak or not, the reason, no doubt, is that it could not, which was taken as an natural for a wild child as to call for no comment.

Had the child said anything, this would surely have been considered worth recording. Except for the jumpiness, the description fits that of the wolf-children of the Middle Ages.

Another writer of the period, an anonymous monk, tells of a wolf-child captured in Hesse at just about the same time and another in Westphalia. It is probable that the Latin he reports is as if follows.

"The boy found in Hesse, as the future proved and as he himself said, was captured at the age of three years by wolves and was taken care of by them in a very brutal way. The wolves ordered him the better part of their plunder for food, made him a hole in the winter and covered it with leaves to protect the boy from the bitter cold. They used him to go on all fours, until by exercising, he had acquired their speed and was able to make the biggest jumps."

After his discovery he was set upright and urged to go about in human fashion by putting splints on his legs to stiffen them. The boy often said he would have preferred association with the wolves rather than with humans. People brought him to the Court of the Prince of Hesse because

(Continued on Page 13)

Awaken Your Sleeping Beauty!

PARK & TILFORD
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BEAUTY IS YOURS! with Park & Tilford Face Powder. Fashion-smart, delicate, unobtrusively firm, staying for hours! Blends perfectly with your skin—never cakes! Perfect! Try it—today. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes at Drug, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

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The Face Powder that has EVERYTHING!

Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay \$3 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanac," the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

FOR THE DE LUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE

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IF YOU ARE ONE of the countless American motorists who still believe that a big, handsome, luxurious car costs a lot of money—Pontiac has a big surprise for you.

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And while you're there—give this long, low, smartly modern car a good going over.

SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER

(Continued from Page 17)

TO HELP RELIEVE DIAPER RASH
Generations of better babies have received this three-fold care... mild medicated Cuticura Ointment for healing relieve chafings and irritations—fragrant Cuticura Soap for gentle cleansing—pure Cuticura Talcum for refreshing comfort. Each 25¢. Buy at your drugstore.

All the cases of feral children
have been of the present
swing of scientific opinion to the
belief that early training is even
more important in a human being
than heredity.

the extraordinary rarity and scarcity of such a creature."

This is evidently the same boy Dulcich tells about. Yet, if he was so young and died so soon, it is impossible that he could have told all that, though it rings true from what is known of later events, all except the jumping. What happens, it seems, is that the learned monk transferred to the Herse boy, statements which were probably made by another, the Wettreau boy. Of this case he writes:

"The other case happened in Wettreau, near the farm Friditz, where a boy was captured who had lived twelve years as a cat-wild. This happened in a dense woods which the people used to call the Hart. He was captured by nobles who had to resort there for hunting. The boy lived until about 80 years of age. His capture occurred in 1244, when it was sunny and snowy."

If the boy lived to any such age, it indicates that he had not been so seriously "wolf-conditioned" as were the Matsigena girls, therefore did not feel the shock of being rehumanized too severely and, no doubt, achieved a command of language. This would have made it possible to reveal his wolf-past quite thoroughly. Those accounts recall the years of efforts by the Indian missionary and his wife to put stiffness into Kamala's weak knees.

Romulus and Remus, the legendary founders of Rome, are, of course, the classic example of children reared among animals and who later took their place in the civilized world. A somewhat similar case is that of a boy found in the San Salvador Jungle.

This child, evidently abandoned in the trackless forest when a baby, managed to survive among the beasts until he was 6 or 8 years old. He was found by hunting dogs and when taken back to civilization continued for a time to display all the characteristics of an animal. Then when he was placed in San Salvador's Raphael Campo School, children.

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and tamed
Some interesting anecdotes on the capture and rehumanizing of this little real-life "Tarzan" are contained in a recent letter from Colonel Alfonso Marroquin, who came in contact with the wild boy soon after he was brought in from the jungle. He writes:

"Being the Commander of the Port Acapulca, and there in 1931 I heard of a child in a wild state. I learned this through some peasants called Abraham Zepeita and Pantaleon Gonzalez, who were wood-cutters in the forests of the hacienda 'El Coyal', the property of another man, named Francisco Gomez. Various times they had wished to capture this wild boy, but had not succeeded in doing so because of the ability of the boy in running away and hiding himself in the trees.

"In October, 1933, I was transferred as Departmental Commander to the city of Sonoma. Here I received notice from the woodman, Pantaleon Gonzalez, that the wild boy had been captured and brought to the said city of Sonoma. He was to be found in the Police Headquarters in charge of Police Captain Salvador Parada, the actual chief of Police of the Port of La Libertad.

"Led by my curiosity to find out about this child about whom so much had been said, I went to Police Headquarters where I found him. Police Captain Parada had already bought him some clothing, and had ordered his hair cut. His appearance was unattractive and uninteresting. He ate delicate and fruits, and did not like cooked food.

"While the child was acquiring confidence, he was kept in a room in the Police Headquarters little by little he was making friends with the policemen, and in a short time he took walks through the city accompanied by one of them.

"After some time he was transferred to my barracks, where he showed friendship only with me, refusing friendships of the others. He spent the day at the foot of my table and at night slept on the floor, shutting the bed which had been prepared for him.

"At this time, the child was confined for his education in the charge of Professor Jorge Ramirez Chilo, who was the director of the 'Agricultural School of Raphael Campo', situated on the estate 'La Agronomia', belonging to the State. In the beginning at this school nothing was demanded of the child until he familiarized himself with the other children and learned to speak sufficiently for a beginning in instruction. After some time he learned to read a little, and always liked to return to the city to go to the moving pictures which enchanted him. Despite his young age of about five years, he had much ability in agricultural labors and was the best worker of the place.

"The woodman, Pantaleon Gonzalez, who was one of those that captured the child, told me the following: He and some of his companions went out several times to hunt, taking dogs along with them. On two of these occasions they had a chance to capture him but were frustrated by the ability which the child had in man and in boy himself.

Sunkist

A small, stylized illustration of a man and a woman standing in a doorway. The man is on the left, wearing a light-colored shirt and dark trousers, looking towards the woman. The woman is on the right, wearing a dark, short-sleeved dress or tunic, looking away from the man. The illustration is simple, with bold outlines and no facial features.

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And I told him, "I'm glad he came back. The company may not be the best I've been in, but for you, I can help. In 1995, I told you that I was raised in Mexico. I guess that's why I know a lot about the place."

That's the twenty years preceding the first day. The people I met in Mexico were not at all Mexican. They were all low-level executives of the company, and they were all very nice. I had a lot of fun. They came and they went. Many of them. And I was on and on.

My boss, Gary, con-

"Many a marriage has been made and unmade here. Many a political marriage was chosen here at these conferences over the years," he said. "It was here that the Senator Goodrich first presented the name of Raymond Foran as a likely candidate for the office of President of the Republic. Scrubbing on a tablecloth here at Maxims, Santos Dumont sketched his first tentative designs for an airplane. It was here that the Senator Goodrich first elaborated his plans for a great and really modern newspaper."

"Then came August, 1914. For a while Maxims was almost deserted. Many of the clients and the staff went to the front. Some came back. Others never returned. Naturally, some spies were found among them..."

The "Baren" interrupted her.

She didn't answer his question; she went on with her story. "You remember the name Cornuche, Eugene Cornuche? Well, as the years passed, he became enormously wealthy—he had a fortune of no less than 100 million francs, people said—and most of this money came from the amazingly successful ventures at Beauville. Cornuche, the son of his clients from Maxima's had developed this little resort on the coast of Normandy—and at the same time, he had built the new casino at Beauville; place where the sun was won and lost."

"By comparison, the gambling at Monte Carlo was child's play. . . . Cornuche sold Maxim's to an English syndicate. Then they, in turn, sold out to another company of investors.

"Maxim's was just as successful as ever, continuing to attract the same clientele as before the war. Andre Maginot, for one, used to come here every evening to meet his friend Madame Renee.

The Baron chuckled. "Must be a confidence," he said.

Baron. You Germans you built your Siegfried line in imitation of the Maginot line, didn't you? You must have thought it was a pretty good idea, to spend those billions.

They did not, fortunately choose to dwell on the painful subject.

The young lady commenced telling of things that had happened in the years between the two wars. Thus, she said, was the period she knew best.

"Of all the personalities properly belonging to Maxim's," she said, "the chasseur, Gerard, is probably the most famous. He was clever at handling all sorts of matters and missions. He was a diplomat and a go-between and

He was always known to have exact and exclusive information on the stock market and on the nation. He knew who was who all right; it was said that he knew the Almanach de Gotha by heart. He had a squad of wide awake boys under his command.

He always wore a monocle. He divided his clients into two categories, the good-hearted ones and the 'chokeras,' as he called the 'fourflushers' and 'dead beats.'

"There were many of these around Maxim's, but he knew how to handle them when they tried to take advantage of him. Needless to say, he often had good tips on the races. One day when what he considered to be a 'choler' asked him for the tip, Gerard advised him to play a horse by the name of Siderland."

"Gerard booked the bet, himself. But the horse didn't win and for an excellent reason. There wasn't any such animal. Gerard had merely used this somewhat devious method to get back some money which the

(Continued on Page 21)

(Continued on Page 21)

(Continued from Page 14)

solved right here at those tables
 and especially in the other room
 where you saw Goering and
 Goebbels.

Russian Grand Dukes, count-
 ess and nephews of the Czars, dis-
 tinguished themselves as heavy
 drinkers and ardent admirers
 of the ladies. The Grand Dukes
 Michael and Boris were among
 Maxim's most faithful guests.
 One evening, Boris was sitting
 at a table by himself. He noticed
 a young woman up at the bar.
 She was tall, slender, and young,
 a girl with a wealth of chestnut
 hair and light gray-green eyes.
 She was smiling at him. He
 took over a headwater with his card
 inviting her to join him. She
 promptly accepted the invitation
 and came to the table. He was
 the jolly, and then, withdrawn, to

A few minutes later two sharp reports were heard, followed by screams. . . . Well, they found the Grand Duke lying on the divan, wounded blood running from his right arm. The girl, very pale, held a revolver in her trembling hand. They just managed to get it away from her before she could fire.

It turned out that she was a Russian student, a Nihilist who had wanted to commit this murder to show the world how the Russian Grahame Duker were squandering their money in Paris while the people of Russia were suffering abject poverty.

The young woman interrupted her story. She picked up a menu from the table and showed it to the "Baron."

DO you know that ants and spiders sing? That termites whistle? That flies scream? And that weevils clatter and bang while boring through grains of wheat? They do although we can't hear them because their ears are not attuned to these sounds. But if radio continues to perfect its intricate amplifying apparatus, we may yet tune in on an ant orchestra, or listen to the rush of sap in the trees.

Magnified powerfully nothing is soundless. Not even the air nor a blade of grass growing. Our ears naturally embrace about eleven octaves. Music embraces seven. Ant music is shriller still. The microphone is picking up sounds never heard before.

ing up to human ears a world of research as suddenly fathomable as the world the microscop opened up to human eyes.

Insects, like birds and mammals, have their calls. But the sounds they produce emanate from the rubbing together of their limbs or wing covers and the vibrations of their wings, so they cannot be spoken of as voices in the strict sense of the word.

Landouze the naturalist has noted three different tones emitted by insects—a low one during flight, a higher one when the wings are confined so that they cannot vibrate, and a higher one yet when the insect is held so that none of its limbs can be moved. This last is the voice proper of insects and is produced by the stridement of the thorax.

Flies and bees undoubtedly mean something when they hum, louder or lower. Landolise calculates that 1 produces the sound of F by vibrating its wings a fly must vibrate 352 times a second and the bee to create A vibrates 440 times in a second. A tired bee hums on F sharp. This chirp is perhaps involuntary, but undoubtedly at the command of the will, and is therefore similar to the voice. When seeking honey a

No music is as familiar as that made by the locusts, grasshoppers, and crickets, and, although they are not produced by the mouth they answer as calls and are undoubtedly a language to a certain extent, and indeed their calls have been reduced to writ-

The music of grasshoppers is produced in four different ways. First, by rubbing the base of one wing against the other. Second by rubbing the inner surface of the hind legs upon the outer surface of the wing covers. Fourth by rubbing together the upper surface of the front edges of the wings and the under surface of the wing covers.

The first method is used by crickets, the second by the green or long-legged grasshoppers, the third and fourth by certain species of shorthorned or jumping grasshoppers. Butterflies, also, have been heard to utter a loud click, and the same is true of many beetles, while the cicada or seventeen-year locust, utters

Spiders have often been heard to emit sounds not unlike those made by ants.

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**ATHLETE'S FOOT
INFECTS**

feet soaked in perspiration

**Cracks
between
your toes
WARN YOU**



The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot grow twice as fast when they feed on stale perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they strike—through those cracks—and spread quickly. It's Athlete's Foot, a stye, perspiration problem. Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

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5. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In addition, consult your doctor for help in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.

Labor-Saving Gadgets for the Gardener

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

It is the facing of identical garden problems that brings together women in all walks of life in such crowds and gate-crashings of regional flower shows. And that is the reason, too, for the great interest shown in any new gadget, garden apron, a more scientific sprayer, or a novel kneeling-pad. The throngs which crowd around any demonstration of a garden device are sure proof of need and active desire to make gardening still more productive and enjoyable.

And since the living-room, for many of us, has practically moved outdoors for all Summer, any new device or product which will make this open-air hospitality center still more comfortable or charming, is equally exciting to the warm weather hostess.

Speaking first of these new items which sprackle functional-garden life, we find a practical built after the same mechanical plan as that used in a giant irrigation system. Everyone admits that the great bugaboo of a garden is the fatigue of "watering" and manipulating a sithery hose without getting drenched. Here, then, is an automatic sprinkler which distributes a fine, gentle spray with rainlike uniformity, which gives wide coverage, and which is built to stand punishment.

Technically, it consists of a small turbine water motor connected to a curved distribution pipe and mounted on a narrow sledlike frame for easy pulling over the lawn. The distribution pipe is fitted with 13 small nozzles, all set in an even plane and at such an angle that the water is sprayed in the form of an open fan. When the nozzles are oscillated back-and-forth, a wide rectangular area of from 20 to 40 feet width is evenly and gently watered.

Another functional item is a small, handy cart which dumps leaves and trash, and which can be easily steered by the frailest of women gardeners. Best described perhaps as a two-wheel wheelbarrow, low, squat and painted green, such a carry-all cart is good for carting away dead branches, cuttings, leaves, etc. If a shoe-pocket-style bag is hung on the end, to hold shears, trowel or dibble, so much the better. The cart, by-the-way, comes in three sizes, all just as serviceable, depending on one's needs.

Kneeling in the garden may not exactly result in suffering from "housemaid's knee," but nevertheless not all of us can take this posture without some sop to comfort. Hence the next item, that of an improved kneeling-pad, should be worth more than passing attention.

This new model consists of a flat square mat, cushioned in sponge rubber for softness. Across the front of the pad is a

narrow tin tray for holding a couple of garden tools, and, best of all, is a pair of metal handles which may be grasped in order to give some support in raising the knees or the hands may be used for more convenient carrying of the pad to another location along the path.

Of plant-supports and plant-markers, there is no end; but should be noted: Made in a medium-small size, and of the typist striped awning material, its method of attachment is its chief feature. It is mounted on a flexible support, with a screw or revolving joint which enables the umbrella to be turned at will at any angle, to keep off the sun, thus doing away with any possible "squin" in the eyes!

For the real trick of this garden furniture shade-giver is the fact that it clamps on the arm of any garden chair, or, if you wish, your favorite garden chair or seat where you will, regardless of the position of the sun, adjust your umbrella onto the arm of the chair and tilt it as preferred; your eyes will be shaded, or your luncheon plate, your book or paper.

Another improvement in the familiar beach-umbrella designed to lend comfort to the loungers on the sea sands is found in making a zippered pocket or flap straight across the top of the roll, for holding cosmetics, bathing cap, towels and sundries; in addition, the roll has a buttoned-down lining of beach towel in gay stripes. Unbutton this towel lining and use for drying after a swim, if you wish. There's a small detachable pillow, too, in water-repellent fabric.

Mention of the beach recalls another item, that of a remarkable folding chair of the type called a movie "director's chair" in khaki canvas. In this newer version, however, the seat is made only half as wide, and a look at it would indicate that such a chair was anything but comfortable.

But quite the reverse—whoever designed this chair was a wizard, for in only half the width, back-to-front, there is just as much sitting comfort as in the old and more chunky model. Of course, for folding and packing and carrying, this new, slank model is perfect. Use it on the beach, and in the Summer outdoor living-room. In white, khaki and colored canvas, to suit your taste.

Of garden aprons, too, there are many, but this latest one is so useful and also so decorative that every woman will wish to buy it. Made of fast-color gabardine, in a range of good primary colors—tan, rust, brown, blue and green—there are applied patch pockets simulating flowerpots in contrasting material.

And, of course, the ubiquitous zipper "zips" up the pockets to hold your garden gloves, trowel and shears, or packets of seeds. When you rise from the ground you can't let things drop from your apron—they are zipped to stay shut.

With auto paths often so closely adjacent to some shrubbery or garden foliage, it's the sensible thing for owners to use markers which will guide automobiles at night. The latest markers employ glass or reflecting buttons on stakes which may be inserted any place. When the auto headlights strikes these markers they "light" or reflect path-edged and driveway.

Garden umbrellas are no novelty, but this particular one

with a "professional" looking cream puff. Bake the puffs in greased muffin tins and they come out perfect in shape, puffy and easy to handle.

Miss P. M. Brown, Syracuse, N. Y.

SEAMS

To make my dresses larger by letting out the seams, I have found that it is much easier to sew the new seams first and then proceed to rip out the old ones. This way your edges are sure to meet without any danger of stretching.

Mrs. R. C. Holt, Silver Springs, Md.

SANDWICH

When I make cream cheese ribbon sandwiches, instead of using currant jelly which is more expensive, I make a bowl of red or green gelatin and use either or both in the sandwiches. It flavors nicely and doesn't melt and run as easily as a real jelly and is inexpensive and looks very pretty and colorful.

Mrs. Cecil Kemp, Malone Bay, Nova Scotia, Canada.

SILVER

After putting my silver I put it in glass fruit jars and seal with a rubber. This keeps out the air and it is always bright and shining and ready for instant use. The silver can be sorted and a glance will show what is in each jar.

Mrs. Louise Weber, Oberlin, Ohio.

KEYHOLE

To find a keyhole in the dark, around the edge I place a coat of mullage and sprinkle with fine sand. It is not noticeable and makes it easy, being rough.

Mrs. Viola Edwards, Los Angeles, Calif.

See the new
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Style 873
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Concealed within these new Rengo Belts is an extra support of elastic—light, flexible, wonderfully effective as a tummy flattener. Illustrated is style 873—a 16-inch combination of fancy rayon batiste, lace top, side

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There's a Rengo Belt for every figure. Write to Dept. A5 for illustrated booklet to help you choose the model you need.

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Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanack readers? Such ideas are welcome here. Send them to the Almanack Hints, Editor, ALMANACK, P. O. Box 100, Grand Central Annex, New York.

CABBAGE

When buying cabbage, I always buy a very large one. I use the outside leaves for Pigs in Blankets. Then I quarter the head and grate, about 1/2 of each piece for cole slaw. What's left over, I chop and cook in salted water and season with butter and nutmeg.

Jeanne Keller, Bellerose, N. Y.

QUICK

In order to make a gelatin dessert, particularly a whipped one, in a hurry, try this time-saver. Find out how many ice-cubes, the size of your refrigerator makes, are equivalent to one cup of water when melted. In my refrigerator, eight ice cubes equal one cup. Then dissolve your package of gelatin in just one cup of boiling water instead of two; add the eight ice cubes (or the number you find correct for your refrigerator), and the gelatin will be stiff enough to whip within about ten minutes.

Mrs. Harold L. McCollum, Washington, D. C.

TOYS

The baby's toys to his bed so that when he throws them out he can reach them and put them back himself. This saves a mother quite a lot of picking up.

Zella M. Ube, North Olmsted, Ohio.

PUFF

Here's a hint for those who

Both...

BRING YOUR FAMILY THE MARVELOUS
DAILY "VITAMIN BONUS" OF

"Vitamin Rain"



Shower To Help Children Grow... that's "Vitamin Rain", which adds B₁, D and G to Sparkies in such quantities that with the additional vitamins in fruit and a glass of milk, youngsters get a 5-vitamin breakfast... almost half their minimum daily need of A, B₁, C, D and G!

Papa Loves Mama... and he's proud of her. "You're doing a swell job with the youngsters, and you're pretty cute yourself!" says he. "All I did was buy Sparkies," says Mother. "—And I got 'Vitamin Rain' to help us all towards good looks, good health, and abundant vitality!"



Don't You Cry, Susanna... Mother will get you Sparkies! She knows how important it is that you *relish* your breakfast... and since it's the "Vitamin Rain" breakfast food you like so much—Mother is *double* happy. Your favorite brings you a great health bonus too!



Where Do They Get That Pep? They must have vitamin B₁, the spark-plug vitamin, to convert food into energy. Youngsters need vitamin D as well, for good sturdy bones and sound teeth. Both these precious vitamins are added to Sparkies, the delicious "Vitamin Rain" breakfast food!



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